

THE SCOFFER

A MODERN MIRACLE PLAY

BASED UPON
SCIENTIFIC CHRISTIAN HEALING

CHARLES FREDERICK CARLSON



Class PS 635

Book Z9C 229

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE SCOFFER

A MODERN MIRACLE PLAY

BASED UPON
SCIENTIFIC CHRISTIAN HEALING

BY
CHARLES FREDERICK CARLSON



*Divine Love shall destroy all Human Sin, and
cure all Sickness and Disease of Mortal Man.*

PUBLISHED BY
THE EASTWOOD-KIRCHNER PRINTING COMPANY
DENVER, COLORADO

PS 635
Z9 C229

COPYRIGHTED 1911 AS A DRAMATIC COMPOSITION

BY

CHARLES FREDERICK CARLSON

ALL RIGHTS OF PRODUCTION RESEVED,
INCLUDING RIGHTS OF TRANSLATION.

11

© C. D. 34317

2021

The next literary work, now in preparation, by the Composer-Author of this play will be THE ANTAGONIZER, a modern morality play.

The Composer-Author, Charles Frederick Carlson, has lately become famous throughout the music-loving world by his many beautiful songs, published by Breitkopf and Hartel. He is the composer, and author of their librettos, of three grand operas—music dramas. Phelias, in one act, is published.

For the production of The Scoffer, which is to be produced in the near future, the Composer-Author has written symphonic music.

PUBLISHER.

The Composer-Author of this Play acknowledges indebtedness to the writings and teachings of Mary Baker Eddy.

The sole aim and purpose of this play is to turn men's thoughts toward the Spiritual. To show that because Jesus was crucified, Christ is not dead. That man can escape the bondage of error and be free. That unless we are born again—gain spiritual understanding—we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. Its mission is to teach us to be absent from the carnal mind and present with the spiritual. That man moves and has his being in God. And, that if God be for us, who can be against us?

THE COMPOSER-AUTHOR.

The stage settings of this play should be so arranged and the lighting effects so operated that the entrances and exits of the characters of personification would appear to be from space.

THE SCOFFER

(A Modern Miracle Play)

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

BY

CHARLES FREDERICK CARLSON

CHARACTERS

DR. LINCOLN, *The Scoffer*

ANGELA, *Student of Scientific Christian healing,
and betrothed to the doctor.*

FREEMAN, *assistant to the doctor*

WILLIAM, *younger brother of the doctor*

MARY, *secretary to Angela*

ANNA, *a maid*

MR. AND MRS. KEITH, *patients*

MRS. JOHN AND ROSA, *her daughter, patients.*

NURSES, DOCTORS AND ASSISTANTS

CHARACTERS PERSONIFYING

SICKNESS, DISEASE, DEATH, SIN, ERROR, FAITH,
 SPIRITUAL - UNDERSTANDING, LIFE, TRUTH,
 LOVE. LOVE'S SPIRITUAL THOUGHTS, (children)
 (in tableau), GOD'S IDEAS AND REFLECTION,
 (man) (in tableau)

DELINEATION OF CHARACTERS

DR. LINCOLN: *Firm, tenacious, irritable, but with
 an undercurrent of kindness and love*

ANGELA: *A beautiful and spiritual type of woman;
 without thought of self; devoted to Divine-
 healing.*

FREEMAN: *A plain young man*

WILLIAM: *Thoughtful, deeply meditative and
 spiritual.*

MARY	}	<i>Plain people</i>
MR. AND MRS. KEITH		
MRS. JOHN		
ANNA		

CHARACTERS OF PERSONIFICATION

MORTAL-MIND CHARACTERS

ERROR: *A gaunt figure, medium tall; dressed in somber; wiry limbs, long arms, clinched fists; dark, evil expression*

SIN: *A maiden dressed in red, sensuously; bare arms, low neck, black hair; smiling, coquettish expression*

SICKNESS: *Thin, shriveled and pale. Fainting consuming attitude. Dressed in a yellowish-brown robe, a one-piece garment; hands and feet invisible.*

DISEASE: *Thin and ghastly, sallow face, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks. Mouth always open; gasping and convulsive attitude. Dressed in a yellow robe, a one-piece garment, hands and feet invisible.*

DEATH: *Black mantle covering body; veil over head and shoulders; skeleton face and bony neck visible*

DIVINE-MIND CHARACTERS

FAITH: *Dressed in light gray, intermingled with a silver sheen; head partly hooded with white veil*

SPIRITUAL - UNDERSTANDING: *Dressed in white gown, and white mantle, intermingled with golden sheen; white band around forehead; head is hooded with long white veil fastened under chin; veil hangs over shoulders and trails down back*

LIFE (below medium height)

TRUTH (about medium height)

LOVE (little above medium)

Three maidens. Dressed in pure white silk gowns, with girdles of silk cord and tassels. Life has a band-crown of silver. Truth has a band-crown of silver and gold. Love has a band-crown of silver, gold and jewels

LOVE'S SPIRITUAL THOUGHTS: *Children robed in pure white, and adorned with flowers*

GOD'S IDEAS AND REFLECTION (Man): *Men and women, young and old, robed in pure white; their heads are adorned with leaf-crowns*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I: The office of Dr. Lincoln

ACT II: A room in the house of Angela

ACT III: Private ward in a hospital

ACT IV: Drawing room and balcony in the house
of Angela

ACT I

PROLOGUES

REPRESENTING MORTAL MIND DARKNESS

PROLOGUE TO ACT I

SCENE: *A dark place before a high, irregular wall. Through the center of the wall a dull red glow penetrates. As the curtain rises a deep moan is heard dying off into a low rumble, during which indistinct figures are seen to move before the glow. The characters in each Prologue speak in a distinct but fearful, brooding tone of voice.*

DEATH.

Come, Sin, thou pretty maid. Report to me, what success?

Sin comes to the center.

Ah, you are warm. That you may be more hot with temptation, drink this.

Dips into the glow.

SIN.

As she drinks.

Ah!

Sighs.

I steam, I glow. Listen, master. A doctor with whom I have spent many fruitful hours is ready for you. He has often resolved to cast me off. But he is prepared for you, if Sickness and Disease have done their allotted work.

DEATH.

Ah, eh! Aye! Good! Sin, you are hot and pulsing. But, hang on him longer until you are certain.

SIN.

In a swooning tone she disappears.

Ah!

DEATH.

Come, Sickness, you fainting, trembling thing.
Here.

Dips into the glow.

Drink this. Rare germs gathered for you.

Sickness drinks, gasping and hissing.

What have you done to this doctor?

SICKNESS.

I sit in his liver and lungs, and have swollen his kidneys.

DEATH.

Replenished and dilated with fresh germs, wreathing and fuming, go and sit longer, until you are firmly rooted.

Sickness disappears, gasping and hissing.

Come, Disease, inflamed and swollen, drink this
(*dips into the glow*) fresh ulceration (*Disease appears*) and revive.

DISEASE.

Oh!

Moaning and drinking.

Oh! Hoo! Hoo!

DEATH.

And this doctor?

DISEASE.

I've inflamed him so his ulcers ooze and ooze. You should come for him at once.

Continues to drink eagerly.

DEATH.

Go to him, quick! You run over and drip. Eh, how rich you are with ulceration!

Disease disappears, groaning with delight.

DEATH.

Come, Error, my pet. Ah! Here (*dips into the glow*), drink for your splendid hate.

Error comes forward in haste.

ERROR.

Hm! Hm! Oh, the taste of it!

Drinks, gulping.

Ugh! it bites!

DEATH.

This doctor?

ERROR.

So long have I filled him with irritation he almost goes beyond meanness. Ah! he can scoff. Truth, and all good, stand far off. He is yours!

DEATH.

Ah! Eh! Aye! My heritage, my rich fee. I am the final triumph of man. I am that man might be. That I am, man is sure to die. Beyond the grave am I, for I am the grave. And you that serve me, I created in a single thought. I, though carnal, though mortal, am final. My thoughts become fixed laws. You are my laws.

SIN.

We enroll.

ERROR.

We control.

SICKNESS.

We abide.

DISEASE.

Undenied.

DEATH.

Ah! for hear the law:

Man was born through Sin's desire,
He lives a thief, he dies a liar,
Beyond himself he can't aspire,
And so, in me, he does expire.

Come away! Even now I hear him call. Without
us he is lonesome.

SIN.

Being called——

ERROR.

We are install'd——

SICKNESS.

When we gain them——

DISEASE.

Then we claim them.

ERROR.

I make man go wrong; man makes me grow strong.

DEATH.

Come all! Come! into light, come!
The scene changes at once to Act I.

ACT I

SCENE: *The office of Dr. Lincoln. A divided room. On the right a consultation room. On the left a waiting room. A door connects the rooms. The waiting room has a door at the back, in the center, the upper part of which is glass. On the left there is a window. On the right a leather davenport. In the center, to the left, there is a table and chair. On the table, books and periodicals.*

In the consultation room, to the back, there is a large double window looking out on a court and office buildings in the distance. In the rear, on the right, in the corner, a door leads to a laboratory. On the left there is a large writing desk and office chair. In the center a large table and chair. On the right a book case filled with books. The walls are hung with landscapes and pictures of great medical scientists.

As the curtain rises, a female patient is seated in the waiting room, on the right, swaying backward and forward, holding her side in pain. At

her feet, a basket of groceries and some toys; among the toys a jumping jack. Another female patient enters with a little girl, and is seated on the left. The child, healthy in appearance, looks over the books and periodicals on the table.

MRS. KEITH.
First Patient.

On the right, painfully.
No use to wait longer, I guess.

MRS. JOHN.
Second Patient.

Is the doctor not in?

MRS. KEITH.
Seems like it.

MRS. JOHN.
What does the time card say, there on the door?
Goes to the door on the right and looks at the card.
Back at three.
Returns to her seat, scrutinizing the room carefully.

MRS. KEITH.
I came at three.

MRS. JOHN.

Well, I suppose we must have patience.

MRS. KEITH.

Patience! That's all I've had these past ten years, is patience! If patience is a virtue, I'm next to being an angel.

Rubbing her side and rocking back and forth, moaning.

My poor side! Oh, my poor side! My kingdom for relief, I say.

Sickness appears. Sickness speaks in a hissing, gasping tone of voice.

MRS. JOHN.

What ails you, may I ask?

SICKNESS.

I am Sickness! Sickness! Man believes in me.

MRS. KEITH.

Heaven knows! That's what I came to find out. Seems as though I can't find out.

MRS. JOHN.

Pleurisy?

MRS. KEITH.

Pleurisy? Worse, much worse, heavens! Ah, the kingdom of heaven, it seems as though we're only born to suffer, suffer!

Error enters. Error speaks, while grinding its teeth, in a hateful tone of voice.

ERROR.

I am Error. Man is on my side. I teach man.

MRS. JOHN.

I had a neighbor. We were school girls together. She had pleurisy. Anyway, that is what she began with, only it turned to something worse. Just think, that might be your case, poor soul! Mercy, how she suffered! Poor Anna, she is dead now. Yes, it finally killed her.

After a pause.

I have often thought I had heart failure.

ERROR.

I teach man to err.

MRS. KEITH.

Thought you had it? Heavens, don't you know?

MRS. JOHN.

I should not have it. None of our family ever had.
Nor our ancestors.

ERROR.

When I've conquered, I desert. I always desert.

SICKNESS.

Then I come.

*Disease enters. Disease speaks with a groan and
in an agonized tone of voice.*

MRS. KEITH.

If you had what ails me, you'd know. Lord!
Lord!

Sways back and forth, muttering to herself.

DISEASE.

Then I come.

MRS. JOHN.

Well, this friend of mine tried everything. Tried
magnetic healing, even. But it was of no avail.
Nothing did her any good. Medicine had long
since failed in her case. Why, she was even mes-
merized.

ERROR.

Man I rule; man I fool.

MRS. KEITH.

Bah! That was enough to kill her. My husband wants me to try some kind of new healing, divine healing they call it, I guess. Ah, what's religion got to do with a person's health? Oh, heavens, why don't the doctor come?

MRS. JOHN.

I was with her when she died——

SICKNESS.

So was I. Ah!

MRS. JOHN.

My, how she did suffer! The same night she died a neighbor across the street died. He had cancers of the stomach. But he deserved to die; he drank himself to death. But, as I was saying, she prayed and prayed to heaven to be taken away. She asked God, screaming, to take her and not let her suffer.

DISEASE.

I taught her to scream.

MRS. KEITH.

Better if she'd asked Him to save her. But God don't take people just because they ask Him. He's no respecter of persons.

MRS. JOHN.

I shall never forget that night as long as I live. Oh, how she suffered! Rocked and swayed, just like you are doing. I nearly had hysteria. I think that is the cause of my alarm about my heart.

MRS. KEITH.

That's what you are here for, to see about your heart?

MRS. JOHN.

Oh, no, not that. I don't believe in giving in entirely. Not until I have to, anyway.

MRS. KEITH.

You look sallow enough.

MRS. JOHN.

Not hearing her.

No, indeed! It is this poor, dear child. Poor, little, weak thing.

First patient looks at her steadily.

No, no, it is not I who am sick.

DISEASE.

I am Disease. I belong to the flesh.

MRS. KEITH.

You look yellow enough.

MRS. JOHN.

Well, I can see that you are weak and suffer. What blood you must have. Those dark circles under your eyes are telling.

The child goes in front of the table and plays with the toys.

They are certainly signs of——

As the child makes the jumping-jack go up and down and laughs heartily.

Child! ' Child!

Rushes to the child, brings her back to the table again and seats her.

You must not exert yourself so. You know what weak lungs you have. Dear, dear, how you will be coughing in a minute! Now stay right by my

side and remain quiet. Yes, I am afraid she has consumption. In fact, I know she has.

CHILD.

Oh, Mamma! Mamma thinks I am sick, and I am not, either. I——

The mother interrupting the child.

MRS. JOHN.

Now, dearie!

MRS. KEITH.

What, sick? With those red cheeks?

MRS. JOHN.

Oh, dear, that is fever. She gets quite feverish.

MRS. KEITH.

Well, she looks well enough.

DISEASE.

I, Disease, am everywhere. I consume.

MRS. JOHN.

Oh, dear, no, she is so delicate. It is hereditary, you know. Her father's mother died with con-

sumption. His grandfather died of hemorrhages. Yes, indeed. But Doctor Lincoln, you know he is so great, we feel sure he can cure her. Nothing like faith, you know.

MRS. KEITH.

Ha, faith! The Bible speaks of faith. That might have been all right for the ancients. She might outgrow it.

MRS. JOHN.

Ah, a thing that is hereditary, you know.

The child goes to the open window.

Rosa, dear, come away from the draught.

The child returns, reluctantly.

But then, under the care of such a great physician as Dr. Lincoln——

SICKNESS.

I am Sickness, ever present.

MRS. KEITH.

Oh, dear, dear, dear, I can't stand it. I can't endure it. If he doesn't come now I'll have to go to

some one else. I can't stand it. I can't! My pains! My back! My side!

Rocks backward and forward.

MRS. JOHN.

You poor, sick thing. My, how I feel for you! My, I wonder if you can last long!

MRS. KEITH.

Motioning her to be still.

God help us!

SICKNESS.

Why are they appall'd when I am call'd?

MRS. JOHN.

Not heeding her.

Take my advice and go on with Dr. Lincoln. They say he is the best in——

The Doctor enters the consultation room from the laboratory and goes to his desk.

Why, I believe some one is in there. Perhaps the doctor.

MRS. KEITH.

He has been in there all the time.

MRS. JOHN.

You poor, sick thing. Dear, you look like death itself.

SICKNESS.

I am Sickness, ever present.

MRS. KEITH.

Aside, groaning and moaning.

Oh, the devil! Misery loves company, sure enough.

Turning to Mrs. John.

Yes, that's the way with these doctors. One can suffer and suffer while they take their time and——

Continues conversation with Mrs. John.

DOCTOR.

Calling to his assistant.

Freeman, kindly unpack this box.

Taking up a small box and returning to the laboratory.

In the Doctor's voice there is a ring of dejection.

MRS. JOHN.

Yes, that is the doctor, Dr. Lincoln.

MRS. KEITH.

He has been treating me for months.

SICKNESS.

I am Sickness. You believe in me, you can't help it. Sickness! Aye, sickness unto disease and death!

MRS. JOHN.

Poor thing, you do look like death itself. But can't you find out what ails you?

MRS. KEITH.

Oh, yes, a thousand things. He gives me some kind of pills, that is, he gives them to my husband to bring home. He most always comes for them. They do me some good, I guess. This is only the second time I've been out of the house for months and months. Seems like ages. Heaven help me, I wasn't out of the house for two years after I was married, and after my first baby, I——

The Doctor and his assistant enter the consultation room.

DISEASE.

Disease and Sickness, we labour not in vain.

DOCTOR.

Just wait a moment, Freeman.

Crosses to the door leading to the waiting room.

I want you to stop on your way back and get that new compound. I got a notice about it yesterday.

Opens the door.

Oh, come in, Mrs. Keith. I have been so busy.

MRS. KEITH.

Entering the consultation room.

Yes, Doctor, and I've been suffering so.

DOCTOR.

Too bad, but I have your medicine all ready for you.

MRS. KEITH.

Good, Doctor.

DOCTOR.

Your husband 'phoned that you would be down, so I prepared what I thought you needed.

Sickness remains by the door, looking in.

SICKNESS.

I am Sickness, you can't get rid of me.

MRS. KEITH.

Doctor, do you think I will ever be cured? I——

DISEASE.

Once you name me you cannot blame me.

DOCTOR.

There, there! Just have patience and everything will come out all right.

Hands her a bottle of pills as he goes into the waiting room.

SICKNESS.

I came into the world with man. I belong to you.

MRS. KEITH.

Patience, patience! Ever since the——

DOCTOR.

To Mrs. John.

Come in, please; come in.

MRS. KEITH.

As she goes into the waiting room.

Good-bye, doctor, I——

DOCTOR.

Let me know how you get along, and I will——

MRS. KEITH.

Doctor, I am going to wait a minute here. I'm meeting my husband in a half hour.

DOCTOR.

As she closes the door.

Be seated, and be comfortable.

Sickness crouches in the consultation room.

MRS. KEITH.

Resuming her seat.

Be comfortable! Ah, yes, yes, yes. I guess my back was made for the burden.

Disease crouches in the waiting room.

DOCTOR.

And what is your trouble?

MRS. JOHN.

It is not me, Doctor.

Doctor looks surprised.

But this poor, sick child, whose lungs are so weak.

DOCTOR.

Looking at the child, then the mother.

Indeed!

MRS. JOHN.

Yes.

The child coughs naturally.

Oh, my dear, do be careful to not strain yourself.

SICKNESS.

Sickness am I. An ever present misery!

DOCTOR.

Seating himself at the desk.

Come here, my dear. Stand right there and we shall soon see.

To the mother.

Look at those cheeks! Be seated, please.

DISEASE.

I make man die.

MRS. JOHN.

The character, Sickness, moves forward in her direction.

She is so feverish, Doctor. The red in her cheeks is fever——

DOCTOR.

Ah, the kind of fever—red and fever—one finds in ripe, red apples and peaches, believe me.

The mother looks on anxiously as she seats herself by the table.

The Doctor arranges the child before him, looking her over thoroughly. He places a thermometer under her tongue, then takes a lung-tester from a drawer in the desk and tests her lungs.

MRS. KEITH.

In the consultation room, moving uneasily. The character Sickness goes close to her.

Dear, dear, I felt sick enough before I came in here, but since I've talked to that wretched woman I could die on this seat. I do believe some people

breed sickness. Old idiot. I look like death, do I? Well, heaven help her! If she is not a consumptive I am already dead. She is trying to poke it off on her child. Old coward, with her pity!

DOCTOR.

Looking at the child with pity and at the mother with disgust.

There's nothing the matter with this little beauty.

MRS. JOHN.

With a startled expression.

Why, Doctor, surely——

Sickness moans and hisses.

DOCTOR.

My dear lady, this is a perfect specimen of human health. God has been good to you. Here, take her and thank heaven you were mistaken.

MRS. JOHN.

The character Disease hanging close around her.

But, Doctor, surely she is——

DOCTOR.

Perfectly well.

Disease groans and gurgles.

MRS. KEITH.

Why, several doctors have told——

DOCTOR.

You falsely, if they told you this child is not perfectly well. Why, if I had such health, myself, I would consider myself the richest, freest, happiest man who walks the earth.

MRS. KEITH.

But really, Doctor, she has always been so——

Sickness disappears.

DOCTOR.

As the mother and child exit.

Perfectly well, I can assure you. Pardon, me, please, but believe me.

MRS. KEITH.

Doctor, I——

DOCTOR.

Good-bye, and—

To the child.

Good bye, my dear.

They exit.

Ah, the dear child threw me a kiss.

Relaxing.

Oh, how I envy those who possess unspeakable health. But, it will not last long. She will, like the rest, succumb to the ills of the flesh and sooner or later be on the market for medicine and the knife.

As he turns to re-enter the consultation room Mrs. Keith rises to go.

There you are, you see.

To Mrs. Keith. Pointing in the direction of the mother and child.

The well want to be sick and the sick want to be well.

MRS. KEITH.

As she exits Disease hangs close around her.

Good bye, Doctor.

The Doctor returns to the consultation room and sinks into a chair, as tho' exhausted.

I knew that child wasn't sick.

Holding her side, painfully.

I feel worse since I talked to that wretched woman.

Exits. All the characters become invisible.

FREEMAN.

Entering from the laboratory.

You said something about a compound.

DOCTOR.

Three characters, Sickness, Disease, Error, reappear and group themselves around him.

Yes, yes, get them—but let the matter go until later. Go directly to the Richards, and if that baby's fever is as high as when we left, wrap it in cracked ice. But you cannot spend much time there. After that, go to the Governor's house and whatever you do, keep his mother alive until he arrives. He is to arrive on the five-ten, so the telegram reads. She will die before morning, anyway, so use your wits. You must help me, Freeman, today more than ever. I—I am all undone. I am half under, sinking, sinking. Something must happen soon——

Death enters and comes forward.

ERROR.

Man I swindle.

FREEMAN.

Your own medicine doesn't seem to help you much.

SICKNESS.

Disease I kindle.

DOCTOR.

Well!

DISEASE.

Death prosper I.

FREEMAN.

Why don't you try another's?

DEATH.

I make man die. They that call me a lie; I defy!

DOCTOR.

In a sad, dejected tone.

Could another's do more?

Somewht irritated.

Medicine is medicine! Leave it to me, Freeman, I will be all right; I shan't worry. We know how to fix it, don't we?

Freeman takes up his medicine case and exits.

The Doctor goes to the cabinet and, flinging it open, impatiently, takes out some pills. Counting out some he swallows them with difficulty.

The character, Error, appears near him, making a snarling sound between its teeth.

Eh, anything the devil could make would not taste worse!

He turns and comes forward wearily, running his fingers through his hair, nervously.

I am sick and diseased. Yes, and sinful.

As tho' entirely exhausted he seats himself.

SICKNESS.

I, Sickness, tear down; once pronounced, never denounced.

DOCTOR.

My sins have come upon me.

Sickness draws near him, clinging about his limbs.

Sickness is sapping me.

Disease comes to him slowly, and also clings to him.

Disease is consuming me.

DISEASE.

I, Disease, consume.

DOCTOR.

Death approaches him from behind. Death speaks, cracking his teeth, in a nasal dead tone of voice.

Death hovers about me, chilling me. Disease, incurable disease! Killing me, killing me! Death, nothing left but death. Sickness, from morning until night, all around me, and in me. Moaning and pain, despair and death!

DEATH.

Man, flesh, bones and blood belong to me.

DOCTOR.

Despair, the dying and the dead. Half the world is sick, the other half is getting sick. Half the world is dying, the other half already dead. The whole world is steeped in folly. Craving, desiring and consuming. One great mad rush to tickle the senses. The five senses. Five doors that lead down, down and down. While the sick die the living become sick. Oh, irony, thou gall stone! Ah, I am sick!

Sickness hugs close to him, moaning.

Only a living dead thing.

Disease presses close to him, groaning.

What is life after all but a wading through blood, flesh and bones? And when we get through, a great dumping pile: a heap of nothing.

Takes down a mirror from the desk and looks at himself.

Oh, man that sins; nothing else can. You have sinned, don't try to deny it.

ERROR.

I, Error, am a trapper.

DOCTOR.

You have sinned and become sick. And in becoming sick you have sinned two-fold. What hope is there, what redress? All medical science can do has been done for me. Angela speaks of faith. Let me not lose faith in medicine. In the wondrous science of combinations which almost seem life itself. But faith. Bah! Faith is sentimentality.

Rising and stretching out his arms, longingly.

Oh, for the health I once had. That happy perfect health; and I, still aspire to the hand of Angela. But Angela does not want me, not now. She is

lost in sentiment. I shall never understand Angela. She will not understand me. Ah, had I my health, glorious, glowing health! Oh, where is the health that was once mine? Defiant, beaming, glowing, radiating forth from me like sunbeams? Health, flashing like sun-rays with the fire of hot life?

Sadly and dejected as he drops into his chair again.

Where is it now? Who stole it from me?

Drops his head.

ERROR.

I gave it to Sickness.

DOCTOR.

Wasted, all wasted.

SICKNESS.

I gave it to Disease.

DOCTOR.

The characters hug him close.

Nothing now but the fire of sickness; the cancer of disease. The grasp of death gripping me.

Death lays his hands upon him.

His bony jaws devouring me, consuming me.

Rises to his feet, breathing heavily.

Choking me! Ah! Away with it all. Away with the horror of it all. And yet, what's to die? We were born; why not also die? Since we were born we die, and perhaps because we die we are born. In the hereafter—a veil of darkness—we shall not long for eyes; there will be nothing to see. In the hereafter a condition, perhaps a place, deaf and mute we shall not desire to speak, there will be nothing to say. Surely we will not suffer. For having lost the parts that suffer we will be rid of suffering. If we suffer in the unknown whence we are hurled, why go there? Why not remain here and suffer? Let me forget. Let me forget and be free.

Moaning with pain and gasping for breath he drops into the chair beside the table.

DISEASE.

I have your health; it belongs to me.

DOCTOR.

Oh, if there is a God hear me!

The characters, trembling, draw close to him and almost hang on him.

Ah, shall I grow sentimental?

Laughs hysterically.

Am I a child? Who am I to cry and whine? I, who have reached the topmost rung. I, who have all but put life into inanimate things. I, who have made discoveries that have startled the world. I, who have made men gray with envy. I——

Freeman enters and goes to the desk where he sets his medicine case, then goes to the Doctor and hands him a package.

FREEMAN.

The compound.

DOCTOR.

Leave it there.

Pointing to the desk.

Thank you.

FREEMAN.

The child is out of danger.

DOCTOR.

His head resting between his hands.

And the Governor's mother?

FREEMAN.

Is no more.

Exits into the laboratory. The characters moan and groan with satisfaction.

DOCTOR.

Looking into space.

And so it goes. Life to life. Sickness to sickness. Death to death. Nothing then, but darkness. Forever darkness.

Sinks down on the table, moaning.

SICKNESS.

Blood is mine to swim in.

DISEASE.

Flesh is mine to sit enthroned upon.

DEATH.

All my rich fee. All my rich harvest.

FREEMAN.

Unwrapping a package as he enters.

Doctor, I have something I want to tell you.

Stuffs the wrapper into the waste basket.

DOCTOR.

Raising his head slowly.

That is news, indeed.

FREEMAN.

Something I have wanted to tell you before, and now I will do it, and have it done with.

Places a bottle of Kentucky whiskey on top of the desk.

DOCTOR.

Settling back in his chair with effort.

Well?

FREEMAN.

I am going to give up medicine and study surgery and devote my life to it.

DOCTOR.

Wonderful! And?

FREEMAN.

Well, I have decided, fully, that medicine is a speculation, and——

DOCTOR.

You say that?

Bringing his fist down upon the table with a crash.

ERROR.

So do I assert myself. A master asserts himself!

FREEMAN.

And can never be anything else.

DOCTOR.

Error comes between them, looking straight ahead.

You, who have but learned the difference between water and acid, compared with——

FREEMAN.

What I ought to know, but do not intend to waste my time learning.

DOCTOR.

You! Fool, novice, bigot! You say that medicine is a speculation.

Laughs ironically.

FREEMAN.

I have a right to my opinion, my decision; right or wrong. My opinion is——

DOCTOR.

Heated, excited and trembling.

Your folly! Your decision! Your opinion! You flout the science of medicine, the work and toil of hundreds of years. Yes, thousands of years. The discoveries of all the great minds of science who have given their lives, their souls to unravel the hidden mysteries of creation; to unhide the hidden truths of medicine for the benefit of mankind. Oh, you Daniel come to judgment! You come to me and tell me this, your opinion! Your decision! I do not censure you for changing to something you like better, or perhaps have more talent for; but for your opinion! Your wondrous decision! Surgery is noble. Surgery is necessary; but your opinion! Medicine is a speculation? You, who have worked by my side; learned of the wonders of *materia medica*, say this; you who have seen me heal the sick, cure the dying and—yes, raise the dead. You say this is speculation. You! You boy! You whom I taught scientific truths, you would never otherwise have learned in a life-time. You, to whom I proved it with mathematical certainty, say this! You, whose eyes I opened wide beyond the vision of the optic nerve, and sent you to bed dreaming of the problem of life itself. You,

who have beheld me all but put life into inanimate and senseless objects. Call it in return, speculation! What shall I say to you? What shall I do with you? You ingrate!

Sinks into his chair.

ERROR.

To the other characters.

I become hot and pulsate with heat; heat is friction; mental friction is error. Behold me!

FREEMAN.

I meant no offense to you, I——

DOCTOR.

You do not offend me, you offend the world; but worse of all yourself.

FREEMAN.

Others have told you this, and——

DOCTOR.

Fools have told me this.

ERROR.

Its face lighting up with an evil smile.

Ah, I am master.

FREEMAN.

Is your brother a fool?

DOCTOR.

Rising quickly.

Is he schooled? What does he know? What can he prove? Is he a criterion to go by?

FREEMAN.

He is wise in something. I do not know what it is, nor can I understand it.

DOCTOR.

He is wise in what he is foolish. Is any man wise in what he does not understand?

FREEMAN.

Therefore, I am wise to give up what I do not understand. Is that not a speculation which succeeds today and fails tomorrow? Is that not a speculation in which we save two and lose ten? Where is your mathematical certainty? What is true that cannot be proven?

DOCTOR.

Go!

FREEMAN.

Two years of ceaseless speculation, failure upon failure.

Disease gives out a mocking groan.

DOCTOR.

Go!

FREEMAN.

Taking up his hat and gloves.

You cannot help yourself.

As he exits.

But when medicine has failed the knife may not.

Exits.

DOCTOR.

Go! You ingrate! I envy the energy I wasted on you.

The characters hug him close.

But let him go—a novice—young and foolish, in youth.

ERROR.

Aye, I pave the way well.

WILLIAM.

Entering through the waiting room, his right arm in a sling.

Dear brother.

All the characters, but Error, settle down for a moment.

DOCTOR.

In a kindly tone of voice.

Why, William, what has happened?

WILLIAM.

I fell and broke my arm.

DOCTOR.

When?

William speaks throughout in a tone of trust and confidence.

WILLIAM.

This morning, early.

DOCTOR.

You seem cheerful about it. Who set it for you?

WILLIAM.

Oh, I set it myself, I have no pain. It will be healed in a few days.

DOCTOR.

Looking at him firmly.

William, this is more of your new theory. This new fangle; this mind cure; this fad.

WILLIAM.

Not fad, brother.

DOCTOR.

This sentimental absurdity for foolish old women, taught you by a class of idiots.

WILLIAM.

Brother, you are always censuring me and scoffing. Have patience, if you do not understand.

DOCTOR.

You are wearing out my patience, William.

WILLIAM.

Brother! I——

DOCTOR.

William, I have always hoped, yes, I could have even prayed, that you would some day fit yourself for the scientific world and become a great and useful man. This is what I have spent my money on you for, and for love of you, trusting you would choose a vocation that would prove you to be one of the greatest and best of men.

Sitting erect with effort.

Instead, I find you dabbling in down-right idiocy. Wasting your time in a sentimental spiritual fraud; spiritual rot—animal magnetism—imagination cure—self-delusion!

Faith and Spiritual-Understanding appear and stand on William's right and left.

FAITH.

Faith is the light showing the way for the faithful.

SPIRITUAL-UNDERSTANDING.

Spiritual-Understanding is the path which leads to the Kingdom of Divine-Love.

WILLIAM.

You are wrong, brother!
It is the truth of——

DOCTOR.

Rising, the characters clinging to him, as Error comes forward, glaring fiercely.

Be it of Christ, heaven or hell! I demand that you give it up.

ERROR.

Aye! Aye! Aye! Ah!

The other characters nod, to Error, pleased.

WILLIAM.

Brother! By faith comes understanding; have faith until——

DOCTOR.

Stop! Was it for this that I have laboured, toiled and struggled? Was it for this I took you out of your dead mother's arms; loved you like a brother; loved you as a father loves a son, even with greater love than a father's? Was it for this I went cold and hungry to win my way in the world that I might bring you to manhood? No! God, no! Out upon your faith. Fie upon your senseless understanding, you self-deluded hot-head.

William makes as though to plead with him.

Do not try to explain, you cannot. Freeman, the bigot, just left me scorning me and insulting me. Now you come with a greater offense. You may go too. Returning only when you have come to your senses that God gave you to reason with. Go!

*William exits slowly from the consultation room.
He pauses in the waiting room.*

ERROR.

Ah! I the master am at hand.

DOCTOR.

*Sinking down into his chair again. Error looks on
with a gaping smile.*

Ah, what next?

Dropping his head on his arms upon the table.

What next? Oh, I am sick, I am diseased, I am dying, I am dead!

*The characters all give out a low deep moan of
satisfaction.*

WILLIAM.

Was it for this? Was it for this? Yes, for this, and more, that Angela, knowing God, and I—I—

trusting God and coming into understanding, shall help to lift him out of the arms of—not death, but error. I will go, but will come again. I shall see him come into the truth, God's truth, the heritage of all mankind.

Exits. The scene darkens slowly.

DOCTOR.

*Death comes behind him, Sickness and Disease
come up close to him, one on each side.*

Now I am alone with my misery. Alone with my pain, sickness and disease. Perhaps I am left to surgery.

In an amused tone.

What cutting and slashing they will do! What carving they will have to do. There won't be much of a man left when they have finished. May as well dedicate one's self to the profession. Why not? It is all for the good of humanity.

With an endeavor to console himself.

My body is the kind they can learn from. Not healthy bodies, but sick, diseased bodies.

In a melancholy tone.

Ah, I long to be well again.

Rises with effort.

I long to be well and free! To be healthy, that is the question. It is puzzling the world's brain.

Goes to the desk and takes down the bottle of whiskey.

My Kentucky friend sent me that, eh? A little medicine, and better than you can prescribe, he said. A huge joke!

Goes to the cabinet and takes out a glass.

Well, we will try it.

Looks at it.

I have tried it too often, that's the rub. I have cured many of the liquor habit.

Pours a drink.

But then, I never had the habit myself.

Drinks.

I can take it or leave it alone—certainly good liquor. A man has to drink, for friendship's sake: that is the trouble of belonging to so many clubs.

Pours another drink.

I am alone, I will just rest,

Returns to the table.

and try to get a little ease.

Drinks.

Perhaps I might even sleep a little.

Holds the bottle up, looking at it.

Red as the devil's blood. Often have I lost my
griefs and pains in this. It can but help me to
reach the end. We can't go much farther, now.

*Death remains behind him. Error seats itself at
the desk, watching him. The other characters
sink down on the floor near him.*

Ah,

As he relaxes.

If Frances were here now. How she could drive
away my sorrows. How she would soothe me and
sing to me. But Frances is a doll. She is happi-
ness personified, though.

Pours a drink.

Though she is shallow she is pleasing.

Drinks.

Ah, but Angela! If ever a woman was made for man to worship, she is perfectly made. No, Angela is too saintly. I believe she has made up her mind she is going to conquer me. Angela is sentimental. But she is a scholar. Angela is learned. She thinks I need to be conquered. Angela is beautiful.
Error stares at him.

No use to think of wedded bliss.

Sickness and Disease rise up around him, the scene darkens.

The untimely end is not far off.

Pours more liquor. Error goes near him.

I have done my best.

A glow of copper green surrounds the group.

In doing that, I have done good. Done good by everybody but myself. Yes, by everybody but myself. Ah,

Drinks.

But why wail and moan? Why complain and whine?

Rousing himself.

Ah, my blood grows warm again. My veins fill up and swell. I tingle all over.

ERROR

To the other characters.

You see, I am the master teacher. I instruct. Ah, my instruction is man's destruction.

DOCTOR

The liquor begins to daze him.

And what if it is unnatural? It is good to be numb, and relax. Surely, surely I have had my share of pleasure. My share of success. Earthly joy, and physical bliss. And I am paying for it, too. What a man can do is what the world needs. What I have done the world needs. And what if we shuffle off this mortal coil?

Pouring more liquor.

For it is true, that man can only for mankind do. Eh, I grow morbid.

Drinks.

Oh, joy and life, love and health, return to me. Return and tempt me.

Becoming more dazed.

Sin appears and comes down to him, cuessing, kissing and soothing him.

SIN.

In a swooning, slow, seductive tone of voice.

Once you drink of me you cannot shrink from me. Often have you fallen into my arms. Often shall you fall again. Man came into the world by me. I love him, he loves me. I am pleasure. I teach him to be happy. But he must pay for the teaching. Ah, I am warm, I bring bliss. You said you were going to throw me off. You have not yet, ah! But I have neighbors hanging round, they will keep you bound.

SICKNESS.

Though he drink to drown me, he cannot drown me.

DISEASE.

I am well pleased, when he is appeased.

ERROR.

I prepare the way.

DEATH.

Later, I shall slay.

DOCTOR.

In a slow, pleasing tone.

Oh, ye stupids who have lived in long-faced piety,
passing up the world's delights, and from these un-
tasted thrills gone to your graves. Graves, graves!
Gone, gone, gone, to your graves!

The glare surrounding them grows red gradually.

The characters look up at him, glaring.

Oh, how I live again.

*Sin sits upon his lap, winding her arms around him,
kissing and soothing him seductively.*

Now consuming love o'erwhelms me.

Laying back his head.

I live but for a day; tomorrow I die.

In a dreaming tone.

Medicine, a speculation. Ha, ha, mind cure! Surg-
ery! Oh, they will come for me soon. Oh, love
that soars to the heights of ecstasy.

*The glow grows ghastly as the curtain falls,
slowly.*

Oh, Angela, let me not—e'er I—I—am cold.

Relaxes, dazed. Curtain.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

PROLOGUE TO ACT II.

SCENE: *A dark place. In the center there is a throne, surrounded by a dull red glow. As the curtain rises a distant rumble is heard which dies away, gradually. At first the glow is very dull, and as it brightens, slowly, Death is revealed upon the throne, a sceptre of bone in hand.*

DEATH.

Error, come before me, you stumbling block, that you may revive.

Error appears.

I sent you into the world to prepare the way.

ERROR.

Prepared it is, master, with thorns and thistles, pitfalls and crooked ways that lead here.

DEATH.

A keen trapper, indeed, you. Sit at my feet. Sin, pretty shame, here before me.

Sin appears, smiling.

You I sent to light the way with a false glare, to tempt them like children to burn their fingers. Into the world I sent you, Sin.

SIN.

The way, like a great boulevard glistens, master, with temptation at white heat. Oh, how they, tasting, gloat and fall.

DEATH.

Sit before me at my feet. You are original, for by you man came into the world. By me he goes out. Sickness, here then, I sent you into the world to pave the way.

Sickness appears.

Come, swollen and yellow.

SICKNESS.

The way, itself, is sick, so well have I heeded my master. They no more than mention me by name until I have made my claim upon them.

DEATH.

Sit at my feet, then. Well, Disease, I wait for you. You bursting boil, come out.

Disease appears.

I sent you into the world to stand in the way.

DISEASE.

Master, the way is mire and muck. They wade until up to their necks they sink. What could be more to your liking? All who pass me I besmear.

DEATH.

Then I, who am the way, swear by my sceptre that failure is not yet born. Revived, you all pulse and glow.

Clouds of vapor arise in the glowing red.

See, all around us lost souls in a never-ending struggle. Come, prepare, we know a doctor, away. I have a fondness for doctors. I have built them a house upon the sand, wherein they study a principle divided against itself. That which kills I have lured them to believe will cure. Come, I will show you how they divide their problems all by nothing. Come, now, into the light. Into light!

The scene changes at once to Act II.

ACT II

SCENE: *A study in the house of Angela. A plain but neatly furnished room, showing taste and refinement. In the center, at the rear, there is a large bay window, with a door on each side. On the right center a door. On the left center a mantel. In the center, a little to the left, a study table with shaded lamp, books and papers. On the right, in the center there is a settee. As the curtain rises Angela is standing by the study table. A gentleman, hat in hand, is just taking his leave.*

MR. KEITH.

Passing so near by I was tempted to call in a moment and tell you of Mrs. Keith's wonderful improvement. It seems almost a miracle.

ANGELA.

Miracles, Mr. Keith, may happen today as in former times. That they do not occur more often is from lack of faith in God; from lack of understanding of divine good. When we know our relationship to God nothing, which is good, shall be impossible.

MR. KEITH.

I have never had much faith in such things, and little or no understanding. But I thank God I begin to see differently. The demonstration in my own home has set me to thinking. Surely I can no longer doubt. Oh, it is good to see her looking so well again. What a changed woman she is since you have treated her. Since she discontinued all medicine and we opened our doors to God's truth she is again young, and the smiles that used to lighten her face have returned. It has made a new man of me. I had seen her suffer so much I had almost become desperate.

As he crosses to the door.

I shall tell her you will give her a treatment, an absent treatment, I believe you said.

Faith and Spiritual-Understanding appear in the room standing together in the rear. A bright ray surrounds them.

ANGELA.

Yes, absent treatment is correct. For God—ever present Love, knows of no limitation, distance or space.

MR. KEITH.

Mind healing, divine mind healing. A scientific Christian truth. It seems quite beyond me, yet—and still I do not doubt. The proof of it in my own home is sufficient.

ANGELA.

Though one doubt, though one disbelieve, still it is true. How absurd it would be for one to disbelieve that one could speak through a telephone. It is a scientific truth, is it not?

MR. KEITH.

Indeed.

ANGELA.

So it is with the science of God's truth. Undeniable, demonstrable.

MR. KEITH.

Indeed I am convinced. We shall spend much time reading, learning, and understanding that which God has sent into our home, blessing it.

As he exits.

I thank you for the books and papers you sent.
Good day.

ANGELA.

Good day, call soon, both of you.

Goes to the table, opening letters.

WILLIAM.

Enters with his arm in a sling.

Good morning, Angela.

ANGELA.

Good morning, William.

Turning.

And your arm?

WILLIAM.

Taking his arm out of the sling and bending and straightening it carefully.

Ah, Angela, wonderful!

ANGELA.

You have had a beautiful demonstration, William.

WILLIAM.

You have demonstrated. That was Mr. Keith I met as I came up the walk, was it not?

ANGELA.

Yes, William, that was he.

WILLIAM.

I met Mrs. Keith yesterday. Another success of your worthy efforts. Oh, if father and mother could have lived to know the truth. If Robert could know. If he only would know. If he would only try. If he were willing!

Placing his arm in the sling again.

Nothing less than marvelous, Angela. Oh, how I thank God I came into this truth, and for what it has done for me. My being radiates with thanksgiving and gratitude. Let me be constant and faithful.

ANGELA.

To be thankful is to be blessed; to be blessed is to be healed; to be healed is to be saved. In being saved we come into the kingdom of good.

WILLIAM.

Going around to the left by the table where he sits.
The kingdom of good, Angela. Ah, yes, man's heritage, man's destiny.

ANGELA.

What news of brother Robert?

WILLIAM.

Day before yesterday I called at his office. What a temper he was in, and how he censured me. He still scoffs, as usual. Scoffs as all do who do not understand.

ANGELA.

Scoffers often become adherents. Often the truest and best converts. Yes, even disciples of what once they scoffed at.

WILLIAM.

Would to God he were one. He scorns anything pertaining to religion. He calls it sentiment, and told me I must give up my creed, my cult. Worse than dogma, he called it. I tried to show him he was unjust, unfair and to prove to him the science and truth of what he so underestimates. Finally he ordered me out. But I understand him, perfectly.

ANGELA.

You must not antagonize, William. Antagonism is the spirit of error. We must not err. It accomplishes nothing but friction, and sickness.

WILLIAM.

Oh, I did not mean to antagonize.

ANGELA.

Loving your brother, William, you must help him. Often he has come to my house storming, but left it subdued.

WILLIAM.

That you are conquering him, the error in him, has wounded his pride.

ANGELA.

He is the most loving of men.

WILLIAM.

The best brother in all the world.

ANGELA.

I received a letter from him this morning. He is coming here today.

WILLIAM.

Yesterday I called at his office, again, and found a notice on the door that he has discontinued practice for a time. I stopped in the drug store around

the corner from his office to get the material for this sling, and overheard the clerks discussing him. One clerk said, "Dr. Lincoln looks like a dead one." If he would only listen to reason. The world acknowledges him to be a wonderful man, having accomplished marvels for his profession.

ANGELA.

He has done much good for humanity.

WILLIAM.

Loving him, you acknowledge it, Angela.

ANGELA.

A man with the intelligence and soul that Robert possesses cannot turn deaf ears, always, to that which will yet bring him into the perfect understanding, which in time will come to all mankind. The false cloak the outside world wears covers up the good within him. Still, the good is there, to be revealed. When the revelation comes we shall behold him, one with God. Though he comes into the awakening through suffering, it shall come.

WILLIAM.

What faith you have, Angela. Yes, more, understanding. It was this same beautiful thing in you

which turned me from my foolish ways. Let me always be constant. But, Angela, if he could only get away from self. This was my first obstacle too. He is lost too much in self. Perhaps I have antagonized him at times. I shall never do it again. Oh, how I shall work for him, for I love him. He may not know it, perhaps he will, though.

ANGELA.

He will yet come into the truth.

WILLIAM.

Angela, the seeds of good you sow, shall surely to flowers grow.

ANGELA.

That was pretty, William.

WILLIAM.

It was an inspiration, Angela.

The telephone in the adjoining room rings.

ANGELA.

You will excuse me, William, I will return in a moment.

Exits into the room on the right.

WILLIAM.

Bless Angela, she has been like a sister to me, always. The only one I ever knew. She and Robert have been engaged a long time. I wonder if they will ever marry! There is a chasm between them. It must be bridged over, first. Love, God's love, will do that.

As Angela returns, he takes up his hat.

I am going, Angela. I was to have been at Freeman's house a half hour ago.

Goes to the door.

Good bye, sister, I used to call you sister. Good bye.

Exits.

ANGELA.

Come often, William.

Goes to the mantel adjusting a vase of flowers.

The door bell rings. A maid comes from the room on the right.

I am expecting Dr. Lincoln, Anna, if it is he show him in here.

Maid exits.

MARY.

Entering from the room on the right with type-written letters.

If you will sign these letters.

ANGELA.

Sitting at the table.

Oh, yes, Mary, I meant to sign them before.

As she signs the letters Dr. Lincoln enters. He shows signs of suffering.

You mail them, yourself, Mary, at once, please.

She rises and goes to the doctor, extending her hands.

Good morning, Robert.

DOCTOR.

Gripping her hands, eagerly.

Angela!

ANGELA.

Your letter came on the first mail. I am glad you came. Be seated.

Draws a chair from the table.

DOCTOR.

Weak and exhausted he seats himself, slowly.

Angela, who was that pretty girl?

ANGELA.

My new secretary. You see I need one constantly now. Giving so many absent treatments I must write many letters.

Goes to the mantel and brings the flowers.

DOCTOR.

Aside.

Absent treatments. More absence than treatment, I will wager.

Looking at her steadily as she comes forward with the flowers.

Angela grows more beautiful every year.

ANGELA.

Setting the flowers on the table.

Your flowers came at breakfast time.

DOCTOR.

I intended they should.

ANGELA.

They are beautiful. Flowers express good will, and love.

DOCTOR.

I intended that, too, Angela.

ANGELA.

Thank you, Robert.

DOCTOR.

Angela, I have been sending you flowers a long time. That is about all it has come to.

ANGELA.

I wanted to speak to you about William.

DOCTOR.

You show much more interest in my brother William, Angela, than you do in his brother, Robert.

ANGELA.

Why, Robert, he seems like a brother.

DOCTOR.

But it is kind and sweet in you; and I?

ANGELA.

Robert.

She looks at him a moment, then seats herself on his right.

His interests are my interests, your interests; our interests.

DOCTOR.

Our interests, Angela?

Sickness appears behind him.

ANGELA.

Robert!

DOCTOR.

Disease appearing behind him.

Though I am a sick man——

SICKNESS.

I am heir to the body of man.

DISEASE.

The flesh is my heritage, my throne.

ANGELA.

Why, Robert, I——

DOCTOR.

In a melancholy tone.

Please listen, Angela. The foremost ambition of my life has been to make you my wife.

She makes as though to speak.

Angela, I have come to be serious, to be final.

ANGELA.

I thought we had thrashed that all out before.

DOCTOR.

Yes, until there was nothing but the chaff left, it seems.

ANGELA.

Where is the wheat then, Robert?

DOCTOR.

Is it made into bread? Is it in the oven, Angela? Angela, my ceaseless love for you has been the only power that has held me together. The only thing in the wide world that has——

She makes as tho' to speak.

I know what you would say: physician heal thyself.
*Faith and Spiritual-Understanding come on each
side of Angela.*

Medicine has deserted me so far? Even the wonders of my own discoveries have not helped me, tho' they have help'd others. Still, I will not despair, tho' my future looks dark; for who knows what unexpected change may yet come.

ANGELA.

There is no darkness, except in the shadow of black tho'ts, Robert.

DOCTOR.

Some compound, some mixture in the hands of another may yet work a miracle. Therefore, I go to the hospital tomorrow, giving myself up, freely, to men whose skill I could never doubt. When I recover and am well and strong again, Angela, I want to come and take you away from this sentimental business and make you my wife. When we are married you will see things different. Now, there is a gulf between us. You will understand, then.

SICKNESS.

I am present; Sickness! I hear you call, I see you fall.

ANGELA.

Robert, you are still reaching out for help from things material; you still reach for help from medicine. But it has deserted you, this much you have admitted. It's only reward is desertion. Speculate no longer. Place not your trust in false gods.

ROBERT.

That in which I speculate may yet prove to your utter amazement that I am not reaching out in vain. Your philosophy——

ANGELA.

Science, Robert; true, demonstrable.

ROBERT.

Has taught you to condemn medicine——

ANGELA.

We are free from the spirit of condemnation. It has no place in divine good.

DOCTOR.

In a troubled tone as Error appears.

It has taught you to ignore the efforts of men; to almost spurn nature, itself. To turn your back

upon the toils of generations of discoveries without which man would still be on a plane with the animal. To ignore the body, disdaining nature's handiwork, at the expense of what you call mind.

Death appears.

Is not the body mind, the expression of undeniable principle, nature in its glory? Is not the body a perfect organism, the expression of the universe? To me it is certain, it is sure. I conceive nothing as true beyond this.

DEATH.

Standing between Sickness and Disease, a little to the rear.

Nothing is certain but me. I am certain — I am sure.

ANGELA.

Robert, bones, flesh, blood—eighty per cent water, is not man in the image of God, mind; man is one, inseparable from God.

DOCTOR.

All this has been said before, all this and more has been preached for a thousand years.

ANGELA.

All this! This and more will be preached for a thousand years to come. Robert, have faith and you will understand. We ignore nothing, but recognize all that pertains to good. By faith comes understanding; by that, knowledge.

ERROR.

It was high time I came, to fan the flame.

ROBERT.

Angela! You preach, forever preach. Ah (*painfully*), I am a sick man.

Sickness hugs him close.

ANGELA.

Have faith, Robert, that God—divine love—will make you whole. Have faith and nothing shall be impossible. God is your life.

Sickness moves back.

ROBERT.

The world is full of sermons, Angela. Dry sermons; easier to preach than to live. You always

preach, Angela. Your philosophy — you said science; well, no matter; it is good to be pious; perhaps sombre; serious, no doubt, but that is all.

ANGELA.

Faith and Spiritual-Understanding kneel beside her.

Robert, by faith——

Error approaches the doctor, trembling.

ROBERT.

Faith, Angela, is illusion. Hope, too, that is blind. They are neither practical. On this earth we must face stern realities. Angela, I am a sick man (*painfully*), a diseased man.

DISEASE.

My fresh inflammations burn, burn!

DOCTOR.

Ah, I am sick, sick, sick!

ANGELA.

Aside.

Sickness is false; unreal. God did not create it.

Sickness sinks down, gasping.

ROBERT.

But I shall be well again. All the truths of medicine, of my discoveries, too, shall be applied, reapplied, and I shall be strong again. Nothing can fail. I shall be in great hands.

Disease sinks down with a groan.

ANGELA.

Aside.

In God's hands.

ROBERT.

And I shall come to you. We shall be happy. You shall see a great change, the great test is coming.

ANGELA.

Aside.

It has come.

ROBERT.

In a hopeful tone.

They are preparing for me now, calling forth all their skill; all my skill. The wonders of it all shall be proven. You shall see me, Angela, a new man. I, who have all but put life into things inanimate. They shall put life into me. New life, Angela. Ah,

I shall be well. The great science shall save me. I have harnessed it. It is mine. It shall save me. A great change is coming.

ANGELA.

A great change will come, Robert. Science shall serve you. Your faith shall lead you forth. You shall be born anew. You shall be well. You shall have health. You shall be free. Faith, Robert; understanding; knowledge.

ROBERT.

Error looks around wildly.

The world shall see and know how I have been restored.

ERROR.

The earth is yours; you belong to it. Beyond this, darkness.

DOCTOR.

By saving me they shall learn to save thousands of others. Angela, when I am well and strong again the wondrous compounds that gave me life renewed shall heal the world. Yes, I shall devote my life to new discoveries. This has all come about to prove my theories. Angela, you do not understand.

Error presses close to him.

There are things in the chemical world you cannot conceive; they almost go beyond reason. But we have solved them. I have solved them. Ah, they are mine to make me whole. They belong to me; they must serve me.

ANGELA.

And if they fail you, Robert, God will not. Have faith. By that comes understanding. By understanding comes knowledge; by that, life.

ERROR.

I lose power, I tremble!

Looks around.

ROBERT.

Don't preach, Angela. There is nothing spiritual in me.

ERROR.

Where is Sickness? Sleeping?

ANGELA.

Robert, you are bearing the cross, and it is weighing you down. But though you bear it until on

bended knee you fall, you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you whole.

ERROR.

Where is Disease? Has it deserted?

ROBERT.

Cease to preach, Angela, cease to preach. The world does not want it. I do not——

ERROR.

In a whisper.

Ah! Ah!

ANGELA.

Interrupting him gently.

It is not so much have you got what the world wants, Robert, but have you got what the world needs. The world wants what it should not have, and has what it should not want.

ROBERT.

The world wants to be practical. It does not want to theorize; to speculate with spirit; the unseen; the indefinite; the uncertain.

ANGELA.

Mortal mind, carnal mind, says you are sick, diseased. When you understand divine mind—God—says this is false, you shall be restored. Paul said, “Rather be absent from the carnal mind and present with the spiritual.” Jesus said, “Unless ye be born again, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.” You shall be born again, Robert; you shall call upon God, and you shall be present with the spiritual, for God is love, God is life; all else is false.

ERROR.

I tremble, I sink!

Sinks down.

ROBERT.

Angela, if there is a God he is unjust! He has struck me down with sickness and disease. Thus has He rewarded me for my toil, my labors. Angela, while we talk of God the world is dying, sick, sick and diseased. These small theories are helpless. The world wants practical things; to be rid of sickness, disease; ah! I am sick.

ANGELA.

Not small theories, Robert; scientific, divine truths. So small, they are so colossal in their magnitude

they astound us. They stand out like snow-capped peaks arrayed in white-robed purity, pinnacles and monuments of truth and good; the highway marks to show us the way; the never-ending way to heights of God's truth. This is the court of divine good, which takes sin, sickness and disease and tries them before a court of divine justice; finding them guilty, sends them to life imprisonment behind the walls of native nothingness.

DOCTOR.

I am going to a court of justice, Angela. They are waiting for me with all that scientific research has gathered together since man began to seek for that which nature yields for the search. I shall be well, Angela; I shall come for you.

Error half rises.

Angela, you will give it all up and come with me; you shall see, you shall understand.

ANGELA.

The gulf is still open wide, Robert.

DOCTOR.

Let it not open wider, Angela. We will fill it up with love, and bridge it over with happiness, and

across it shall patter the feet of children, coming into our lives, sweetening it forever.

ANGELA.

Robert, I have chosen my vocation. Your life has been, and is, wrapped up in things of the earth, earthly. In helping man—though you do not realize it—to be more helpless. My life has been, and is, wrapped up in things of heaven, heavenly. To teach my fellow beings the truth of God. To raise them out of the dregs of mortal error and bring them into understanding and godhood. You bow, bend and submit to the voice of bones, flesh and blood, Robert, but you shall rise above this. I, knowing God is my life, my being, know no other law. I know God is love and life eternal. This is my birthright. You have no right to take it away from me. You cannot.

DOCTOR.

Rising and pushing back his chair.

Then, Angela, you mean I must follow you?

Error comes between them, nearest the doctor, with an expression of excitement.

ANGELA.

No man must do that which he does not desire. But

•

every man should do that which is right; doing it for the sake of good.

DOCTOR.

What is wrong today, tomorrow becomes right. And what is considered right tomorrow, may be discovered wrong the next day.

ANGELA.

This is our mission on earth to discover, and in finding, choose between the two. By faith comes understanding. By these alone, Robert, can you ever understand what I mean.

DOCTOR.

Let us not preach, let us not argue. Let us not quarrel. Let us love with humanity, sharing its loves and sorrows, sharing its pains, its griefs and its joys. Let us live and be free and look on the world with a smile. Let us live as we were born, tasting the joy of life in the day while it lasts. Let nothing stand in our way, it shall be bedded with flowers. Till now we have plucked away the thorns. Let not religion, superstition, creeds, cults or dogmas be a hateful wall between us. They have already separated more of humanity than a kingdom of generations could reunite.

ANGELA.

Robert, nothing can ever come between me and that which to me is holy, not even your love. Now, you love me as other men love other women. You love me because I am a woman. Because I could be a wife and mother of your children. You do not love my mind, my ideal; you do not love my soul. You love my outward beauty, but the flowers in the garden of my soul you allow to wither. When you can revive them, then I shall know you love me.

DOCTOR.

Angela! You say I do not love you? I come to hear you say this? I, who have given the best within me to show you, and humanity, my gratitude for love and life? You say this? I, who have labored, toiled and fought to make you proud of me? I, who have, yes, given my life to aid humanity to that greatest of all gifts, health? I, who have suffered, am suffering now, would be willing to suffer till the end, hear you answer thus?

ANGELA.

The chasm is still wide and deep between us. I am even now filling my half. You shall fill your half and we, together, shall bridge it over with love;

such love as only God inspires; such marriage and such children as are sanctioned only by the angels of heaven. We shall walk in a path of flowers, rid of the thorns which we are plucking away even now. You shall be well and strong. You shall have health. You shall be, yea, 'even reborn. A man as God intended. You shall love me, Robert, and you shall know my love for you. When all the thorns are plucked away, we shall walk in a path of flowers. Sitting beneath the starlit canopy of heaven, we shall know that God is. We shall know that God is, for He is our life. In Him we move and have our being. In God, divine love, we shall be one.

DOCTOR.

In a painful, agonized voice.

Angela, you spiritualize. You lose my meaning. I cannot fathom yours.

FAITH.

Man moves and has his being in God. Only the faithful shall have understanding.

ANGELA.

You shall see, Robert, you shall know. By faith comes understanding.

DOCTOR.

You will always preach.

SPIRITUAL-UNDERSTANDING.

God is life, truth and love. There is no other life,
no other truth. Man reflects God.

ANGELA.

Though you suffer, you shall be free.

Death sinks down.

DOCTOR.

Angela, you will always lecture.

ANGELA.

Deserted by earthly things, Robert——

DEATH.

Half rising.

I must away and hold counsel; something happens.

DOCTOR.

Grief stricken, and interrupting her, irritated.

Yes, Angela, most of all, deserted by you.

*The characters disappear from the doctor's side,
one by one, unobserved.*

ANGELA.

You shall come into your own, you shall claim your sonship with the Almighty, you shall know that God is eternal life. You shall know and recognize man's spiritual being. When you do, you shall understand God's creation. You shall look away from matter to mind. Knowing man reflects God, you shall understand life. Knowing life, you shall destroy death. Departing from deception, you shall come into conception.

DOCTOR.

In a hesitating tone, throughout.

Angela, I go to what I know not.

ANGELA.

You shall know.

DOCTOR.

Not heeding her.

Be it life or death.

ANGELA.

It shall be life.

DOCTOR.

Melancholy and dejected.

Be it for better or for worse.

ANGELA.

It shall be for the better.

DOCTOR.

I will have done——

ANGELA.

The will of God——

DOCTOR.

My best, Angela. If my reward be——

ANGELA.

Life——

DOCTOR.

In a weak, suffering tone.

Death, Angela, 'tis ended. If my reward be life——

ANGELA.

You shall know God.

DOCTOR.

I shall be thankful. I shall know that——

ANGELA.

God is life, truth, love.

DOCTOR.

I have not failed, altogether. If I live——

ANGELA.

To know God is love, and life.

DOCTOR.

I shall come——

ANGELA.

Into truth eternal.

DOCTOR.

For you. Ah!

Painfully.

Flesh, bones and blood——

ANGELA.

Are error.

DOCTOR.

Rebel, my sickness, disease and pains——

ANGELA.

Are false.

DOCTOR.

O'ercome me. I shall come——

ANGELA.

Into life eternal——

DOCTOR.

Though, for you, Angela. I shall yet come——

ANGELA.

Into divine understanding——

DOCTOR.

For you.

ANGELA.

Have faith, Robert.

DOCTOR.

Faith, Angela! Ah! faith, though strong, is uncertain.

ANGELA.

Faith, Robert, is the high-arched doorway that leads to the chambers of eternal good, where understanding sits enthroned.

ROBERT.

Angela, I have no evidence of God. See how I am suffering,

ANGELA.

Suffering, you shall know God. Knowing God,
you shall cease to suffer.

ROBERT.

To me, Angela, God is a myth. I have no evidence,
Angela, no evidence. Let me go to——

ANGELA.

New life.

ROBERT.

My doom. I know my pain is——

ANGELA.

Unreal.

DOCTOR.

Killing me. I know my disease is——

ANGELA.

A false condition.

DOCTOR.

Consuming me. I go, Angela; they wait for me.

As he goes to the door.

I go—— .

ANGELA.

To be reborn.

DOCTOR.

Trusting.

ANGELA.

Having faith.

DOCTOR.

All will be well. I shall——

ANGELA.

Know God is life.

DOCTOR.

Not die, but I shall be well and come——

ANGELA.

Into life eternal.

DOCTOR.

For you.

ANGELA.

You are going to a court, Robert, and when you call to me to plead for you I shall be near. Being judged you shall not be condemned. Nothing shall

be impossible to him who has sufficient faith. Ask God to help you.

Kissing him.

Like a little child on bended knee, ask God.

Caressing him.

DOCTOR.

Aside.

Whatever my follies and my sins have been, I cast them off forever!

Looking into her eyes.

Farewell, Angela, let us not be sentimental. Let us not preach.

In the doorway.

Angela!

Kissing her hands.

Angela, because I love you, I take courage!

Exits.

ANGELA.

As she returns to the study table.

He shall know God, Life; truth and love shall make him whole. Though he doubt, though he disbelieve,

divine love shall destroy this false conception, for God is his life. Truly my soul waiteth upon God; from him cometh my salvation. He only is my rock; he is my defence; my refuge is in God.

Sitting at the table.

My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him.

*Sits in an attitude of prayer and consecration.
Faith and Spiritual-Understanding kneel on each side of her.*

FAITH.

Thus, I, Faith, do begin, though humbly. I am a voice crying in the wilderness. I never forsake them that desire.

SPIRITUAL-UNDERSTANDING.

And so shall I. Spiritual-Understanding, come, revealing man's relation to God. For man is one with God.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

PROLOGUE TO ACT III.

SCENE: *A dark place before a high, irregular wall, dripping and steaming. In the center a dull red glow penetrates, becoming more faint gradually. As the curtain rises, Death moves before the glow, as a low rumble is heard.*

DEATH.

Here I wait with needy preparation. Though I fear, I shall not fail. I am certainly supreme. I am the ultimate end.

Sin appears trembling and faltering.

SIN.

In a quivering tone.

Ah! Ah! I fail! I am cast off! Cast off!

Sinks down.

DEATH.

Fah! What, cast off? Fail?

Sickness appears, gasping and hissing terribly.

SICKNESS.

By the power of truth asserted, I am averted. I am proclaimed unreal. Oh, am I doomed? By the power of truth, I am stunned, I am dazed. Revive me, quick, revive.

Sinks down.

DEATH.

Fah! Gaping, cowardly thing.

SICKNESS.

Half-rising.

Something averts me. I am nulled.

DEATH.

Fah!

Disease appears, stooped and crawling.

DISEASE.

I am rebuked as false. I cannot withstand the attack long. I dissolve! Replenish, revive me! Oh, power of earth I fail——

DEATH.

Fah!

Error appears pulling out its hair.

ERROR.

You all forsook me. I hung on but lost my strength and fell. A white, unlost soul! Before its blinding light I sank. I sink! I am sinking!

Sinks down.

DEATH.

Ah! Eh! Aye! Do I lose my grip? Do I tremble?

The glow begins to steam.

Come all, over earth's reviving life. There is no other life.

The characters hang over the glow, now steaming furiously.

There is life in this all revivng soul. There is no other soul. Oh, no other truth. No other light.

The characters pout and groan.

ERROR.

Death flew from us.

DISEASE.

Sickness fell down fainting.

SICKNESS.

Disease fell sleeping.

SIN.

From far down.

Ah! Ah!

The sound dies away.

DEATH.

The fainting sop revives. Fah!

The glow grows fainter and discontinues to steam.

ERROR.

The glow dies!

SIN.

With me its life sinks!

DISEASE.

It grows weak!

DEATH.

As the glow reddens and steams.

Come! Faith in white-robed purity argues against us. But now the glow revives. See! There is no other life. Ah! how we revive! Come, Spiritual-Understanding gains, in our absence the soul of heaven glows.

SICKNESS.

What is heaven, then?

DEATH.

A strong lie.

DISEASE.

What is truth?

DEATH.

Something groping in lost eternity.

ERROR.

What is life?

DEATH.

Something divided against itself.

SICKNESS.

Man is ours.

DISEASE.

We are man's.

ERROR.

Man and we are for each other.

DEATH.

We are all one.

SIN.

From afar.

Ah! Ah!

The sound dies away.

ERROR.

Oh, Sin will yet revive. See her fat limbs tremble.

DEATH.

Come, or we lose!

The glow becomes faint.

SICKNESS.

The glow dies out!

DISEASE.

See! We shall famish!

DEATH.

If it die out we are famished. Come into light and
it will replenish. Come!

A low rumble is heard.

Come! Ready?

SIN.

Still farther off.

Ah! Ah!

A low rumble is heard, which dies away.

Our doom is begun. Ah! Ah!

DEATH.

Now! Come away into light!

The scene changes immediately to Act III

ACT III

SCENE: *A private ward in a hospital. A spacious room with plain bare walls. On the left there is a window; to the back an open door. In the rear a little to the right an iron bed. At the head of which, on the left, there is a table filled with bottles of medicine. On the right there is a washstand, wardrobe, table and chairs. On either side of the bed are rugs. As the curtain rises the doctor moves uneasily in his bed. During the entire act the door of the ward remains open.*

DOCTOR.

Half rising and throwing a small copy of the Bible to the foot of the bed.

Ah, pain, ceaseless pain! Insufferable agony!

Sickness rises up on his right. Disease rises up on his left.

Angela speaks of faith, speaks of God. Where is God, to let me suffer so?

Error rises up behind him.

The fool hath said in his heart there is no God. Well, there is no God! and I am a fool. Better be a fool than dying. Oh, man!

Half rising.

Better be dead than sick. Oh, that man should be sick to suffer. Oh, that he should suffer to die. This is my reward. Here I am at last, given up to die. The bony grip of Death tightens 'round me.

Death rises up behind him.

Ah!

Drops back on his pillow.

I wish it were all ended.

Exhausted, and delirious.

There is no God! No! man is helpless! There is no God! No, no God! But they will come soon, and there is to be a consultation. I shall be well again. They will not give me up. They will know what to do. Yes, they will know. Ah, I would know if I were among them. But I can't think. Yes, they will come.

DEATH.

This man, educated backwards and wise in his folly, hopes to be cured by that which makes him sick.

SICKNESS.

We make him sick.

DISEASE.

Ah!

Error and Death assent in an amused uncanny tone.

DOCTOR.

The world shall soon see. They shall know.
Angela will understand. She will see. Angela
sends me lines to read.

*Half rising and picking up some lines, and looking
at them.*

But what is the use of it all? Hope, faith, under-
standing, knowledge, God. Yes, and I, dying,
dying!

Drops back upon his pillow.

ERROR.

To Death.

I have schooled him well.

DEATH.

Ah!

SICKNESS.

To Death.

I sit in his liver, lungs and heart. I have swollen his kidneys.

DEATH.

To Error.

Ah! You have fooled him well.

DISEASE.

To Death.

I consume him. I have begun fresh cancers.

DEATH.

Ah! Eh! Aye! They burn, they blow, they smart, they glow!

DOCTOR.

Angela speaks of God. What doesn't she speak about that is all useless? But, Angela, she is beautiful. Ah, Angela is beautiful. Angela is peaceful. She wants to help me. If she helps me it will be because she is beautiful, and she is so good. Angela is a little preacher. How she can lecture me! She says I do not want to understand. The fool hath said in his heart there is no God. Angela

would not say that. Ah, I am a fool. If I am not sick, I am not a fool. God careth for his flock. Ah, but I am a lost sheep.

A nurse enters.

Angela will come soon. I shall be found. We shall not be lost. No, Angela, not lost. Angela will know; she knows. She will be the first to know.

NURSE.

Arranging the bed.

The doctors are ready to hold the final consultation.

DOCTOR.

It is final, eh?

The nurse motions him to be quiet as she exits.

Well, let them come; they will find me worse.

The characters sink down and vanish.

Four doctors enter and go to the bedside. The doctor makes as though to speak to them. They examine and consult. William comes to the door and is met by a nurse, who motions him to be silent. William enters unobserved and comes forward, as they examine and consult, re-examine and re-consult.

WILLIAM.

After a pause.

This is the final examination, they told me at the office. Let them consult and decide. Let them give up in despair if they will. What is despair but human error? Sickness and disease are false, and they have no place in divine good. God did not create them. Being false, they shall be destroyed. Being denied, they shall disappear. God denies them. Divine good casts them out. Now, better than any other time, is he fit to come into the truth. Now is the accepted time for him to realize, to understand. Angela, first of all, can help him to this. The tender hands of faith shall lead him. Spiritual-Understanding, divine light, shall open the way. God shall give him health and life. He shall understand. God is life. Knowing that he moves and has his being in God, he shall pick up his bed and walk. Oh, love divine. Thou who art all in all. Thou who art our life, our being, plead his cause against Error. Flood his being with the light of divine love. Cause him to be absent from carnal mind and present with the spiritual, thy image. Teach him to know that man reflecting God cannot be destroyed. Cause him to realize that before Thee there are no other gods; that Thou art God. That Thou art life, truth,

love. Help me to realize for him the truth of being; that I may help him to know God, divine good, ever-present love meet my human need. Though they pronounce disease, though they name it, it shall be destroyed. It is false, it is a lie, and father of the lie. God did not create it. It is not a part of divine good. It has no place in life. It is unreal. Only God is life. They are the jury that decide. Not knowing what life is, they cannot preserve it. Believing in sickness, they foster disease. But denying it, knowing God, we destroy it, and it passes forever into native nothingness. They are the judges who condemn. For believing disease can kill, they destroy the means by which they hope to cure it. But divine love always has met and always will meet every human need.

The doctors consulting turn away and leave the room.

There they go, with no other knowledge of life than flesh, bones and blood. God, be Thou with Angela, who pleads in a court of divine justice.

DOCTOR.

Half rising, and in a hopeless tone.

Gone! They have forsaken me. They have lost courage. Like cowards, they have fled. Thus,

heartless, they leave me. Heartless, we leave dogs, horses, pigs and other animals to die, not caring! There are plenty more. So, they have left me. Given me up to chance.

Looking into space.

Now, what is left?

The characters reappear and rise up around him.

Is there such a thing as nothing? After all, can life end in death? It is not so much that I fear death as it is that which gathers round it. The terror, agony, pain and suffering; all this horror is what I fear. Oh, Angela! If she were here! Angela, where is she now? Yes, Angela will come. Loving Angela, I cannot die. Angela is beautiful. I have never beheld anything so beautiful. Angela is good, and that is her beauty. Sometimes I think Angela will——

As he sees William.

Why, brother, I did not see you.

William goes to his bedside.

Oh, I am glad you came. God bless you, brother, God bless you.

The characters sink down, Death last.

The only time I feel relieved is when you come, or Angela is with me.

WILLIAM.

Brother Robert, that is the first time you have ever blessed me. I have never heard you God-bless anyone before.

DOCTOR.

God bless you, anyway, brother. Ah, I suffer! I grow sentimental in my last moments.

Half rising.

I am glad you are my brother. I thank God for Angela.

Sinking back.

Ah, I suffer, I grow weak, I faint!

WILLIAM.

Robert, ask God to help you. Ask God to hear you; to show you the truth, to lift the veil that blinds you. Brother, let that which came into my life, that which has displeased you so, come into yours; open the doors to it, and you shall have health. Robert, try to understand.

ROBERT.

I have heard you, I have heard Angela, I have read.

WILLIAM.

But have faith, Robert. Faith is the backbone of understanding. Have faith, Robert, and you shall understand. This is the crisis, this is the test. You cannot fail.

William takes his hand. The doctor in turn clasps his warmly.

In God's good there is no failure. No sickness, disease nor death.

DOCTOR.

Brother, you turn preacher. But you say wonderful things. Angela says wonderful things. Angela says beautiful things. Angela is beautiful. Brother, I am not afraid to die. Why, the body, eighty per cent water—yes, that is what it is; what if we dump it into the grave? Well, what of it? What if it dissolves into the earth? Should we moan and cry and implore to be saved? No, Nature says it is natural. If it is part of evolution, then let it come.

Nurses and doctors pass the door with a body laid out on a wheeling couch.

WILLIAM.

Robert, when the body dissolves, man is not dead. Tho' the body, like the lilies of the fields, passes

away—the perfume—soul, shall never cease. Man cannot die, having his life and being in God. Have faith, be willing to understand, ask God——

The doctor makes as though to speak as a nurse enters.

Oh, all right, nurse. I have stayed too long, brother. I was only allowed a few minutes.

Holding William's right hand and pressing his arm gently, the doctor looks up at William, then at the arm, puzzled.

Remember that if we have sufficient faith we can raise mountains. With the understanding that follows, nothing is impossible to us. Nothing that is good.

The doctor shakes William's arm tenderly, with a puzzled expression.

Faith is beautiful.

The doctor endeavors to realize that the arm is healed.

That is why Angela is beautiful. Good bye, brother.
As he exits.

I shall see him come into God's good.

The doctor lies back, puzzled, as William exits. A hospital physician enters and seats himself.

DOCTOR.

To himself.

You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you whole.

PHYSICIAN.

By jove, he doesn't look bad.

DOCTOR.

To himself.

What is the truth?

He looks up and sees the physician.

Doctor, what would you say if a man were to say to you, Medicine is only a speculation, and can never be anything else?

PHYSICIAN.

Well, I believe I should agree with him.

DOCTOR.

You would?

PHYSICIAN.

Yes. Why not? After all, we have no real specific. No positive cure. Nothing in medicine we can entirely depend upon. We haven't a single positive cure.

DOCTOR.

As though meditating.

I guess not, after all. I thought we had, but I guess not.

PHYSICIAN.

We have come pretty close to it. You have in your discoveries.

DOCTOR.

Pretty close, and that is all. Pretty close, is the speculation.

A blatant groan is heard.

Jove, that was a musical sound, eh, Doc?

PHYSICIAN.

That is a Jap coming out of ether. We cut a tumor out of him this morning as big as your head.

DOCTOR.

You think he will pull through?

PHYSICIAN.

Perhaps—on the other side.

Pointing downward.

Then he will be near home.

DOCTOR.

Yes, if he doesn't burn up on the way.

PHYSICIAN.

Ha! you grow cheerful.

DOCTOR.

We try this, we try that. Always speculating. If it helps, very well.

PHYSICIAN.

If it doesn't help, we are helpless.

DOCTOR.

The world wants and needs something upon which it can depend. We cannot go on dying like this. Life must be saved.

PHYSICIAN.

It will never get saved in drugs. Drugs are poor saviours.

DOCTOR.

What gets sick? What is sickness? What is disease? What is life? What dies? What is life? What is all this misery? What is it? What?

PHYSICIAN.

Nothing dies, they say, nothing is lost.

DOCTOR.

In a puzzled and distressed tone.

What gets sick? What is mind? Doctor, we have something new to think about. There has been an awakening. Man, mind, life, truth, God——

PHYSICIAN.

Ah, too much thinking along that line would rub the sign from off my office door. I was not born to philosophize.

DOCTOR.

And I shall not live long enough to. What is to live? What is to die?

PHYSICIAN.

Ha, take courage. There is yet hope. You might mix that with a little faith. If that should bring results, don't be offended.

DOCTOR.

Faith!

PHYSICIAN.

Why not? My old father had such faith, faith in God, of course; lying at the point of death, he was healed. Medicine did not do it. I can vouch for

that. The older I grow the more I see that God does move in a mysterious way.

A nurse comes to the door, summoning him.

We can't afford to scoff.

As he exits.

I tell you, we can't.

DOCTOR.

Meditating.

Man, made in the likeness of God, cannot become sick, nor can he become diseased, or die.

Half rising.

My brother's arm.

With a puzzled expression.

It was broken not a week past.

As he puzzles about it, Error rises up.

Ah, it is all too absurd, yet he did not even wince when I bore down on it.

Sinking back on his pillow.

Ah, no, too absurd. Absurdity itself. Ah, pain, be moderate.

Sickness and Disease rise up.

I cannot understand it. I cannot see it.

Error stoops over him.

It is too absurd. I cannot see it. Something veils it. I cannot see it, I cannot understand it. Something clouds it. What if I did understand, perhaps——

Closes his eyes.

DEATH.

Rising up.

The glow burns low.

ERROR.

He revives, but slow.

SICKNESS.

I'll make his fever blow.

DISEASE.

I'll make his ulcers flow.

DEATH.

I have dug his grave.

DOCTOR.

In a tearful tone.

Angela, come to the court of justice, and plead for me.

Opens his eyes.

They are trying me. They have found me wanting. Angela, you said you would come.

After a pause.

Angela enters with a nurse. The nurse looks at her watch, then says something and exits.

ANGELA.

Standing near him.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. God, divine good, proclaims sickness and disease false. They have no life, no identity. God did not create them. They are the lie, and the father of the lie. They are untrue, they have no place in divine good. Being the opposite of divine good, being untrue, God destroys them.

The characters sink down.

For the knowledge of God is life. Let my cry come near before thee, oh, Lord! Give me understanding according to Thy word. Let thine hand help me, for I have chosen Thy precepts.

She kneels beside the Doctor.

Robert, man reflects God; you reflect God. Know this and you will realize that sickness is false. There is no death. God is life eternal—God is your life.

The doctor opens his eyes slowly, looking around.

DOCTOR.

Angela, I dreamed I saw you pleading for me. Oh, Angela, you have come indeed. Angela, I beheld you in my dreams. Before now I have beheld you in my dreams, sitting, thinking, in prayer consecrated. Angela!

Kissing her hands.

ANGELA.

I was thinking of you, thinking for you. I have worked for you, oh, so earnestly! How much better you look, Robert!

Faith and Spiritual-Understanding come near her.

FAITH.

I, Faith, show the way to desiring hearts.

SPIRITUAL-UNDERSTANDING.

I, Spiritual-Understanding, make clear the way and bring knowledge.

DOCTOR.

Better! Better, Angela? I am given up, hopeless. You say I look better, I, a dying man? Angela, my Angela, you always bring relief.

ANGELA.

Robert, be willing, be faithful, and you shall understand.

DOCTOR.

Faith, faith! What is faith, Angela, but a kind of self-mesmerism? Belief, perhaps, in something that may or may not be a reality?

ANGELA.

Faith, Robert, is that high ladder that reaches to God's glory, the top-most rung divine understanding. And that, truth and life eternal.

DOCTOR.

Angela! If faith makes one like you, I want faith.

ANGELA.

Mortal, carnal mind, has said that you are sick; that you are diseased; that you shall die. This has been denied, destroyed, Robert.

DOCTOR.

Carnal mind; mortal — Angela, what is mortal mind?

ANGELA.

The opposite of divine mind. It is an untruth; the opposite of truth. It is a belief in sickness,

The sunlight floods through the window.

disease and death. Carnal, mortal mind, makes man sick and teaches him to believe he shall die. Divine mind is its only cure. This identifies man with God and teaches him man reflecting God can never die. Know that in divine-mind, divine-love—God, sickness cannot kill you. That they are unreal, false; knowing this, you shall pick up your bed and walk.

Error, Sickness and Disease slink away, gradually, unobserved.

Sickness and disease have no power over you; not even death, for God has denied them. Ask God to reveal it to you. Revelations are today as in former times. Miracles have not left the earth. If you have faith you shall, asking God, know. In God you have your being, your life. In God—life, truth, love—error, sickness and death have no place. Be free from carnal mind and present with the spiritual; for God is your life, nothing can take it from you.

A nurse enters.

I have overstayed my time, Robert.

Rising.

I leave you in the hands of God.

The two characters near her disappear.

Being willing, you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you whole.

Kisses him tenderly.

Reflecting God, life and health belong to you.

As she exits, he makes as though to speak.

DOCTOR.

Meditating.

Faith. Faith; was it sugar pills that cured poor Mrs. Keith? She, daily, came for sugar pills. Sugar pills never cured anything. How could they? Why did she want them? They could not help her. What helped her, then? Her faith? Her faith, not the sugar, helped her. A simple faith. But faith, surely. Faith, faith, faith!

He meditates, with an endeavor to understand.

Sickness and disease and death are false. They are the lie and the father of the lie.

Sits up in the bed.

Faith! Ah, yes, faith. Why should I not have faith? I had faith in that which has deserted me.

God is my life, then let me have faith that I may have life. Faith is beautiful, like Angela.

With a puzzled expression.

My brother's arm, it was healed. Yes, surely, it was healed. Could it have been a miracle? A miracle in this late day? A miracle is but the demonstration of life over matter, after all.

Picking up a sheet of paper, reading it.

"If man died at the grave, he would, in time, become annihilated; therefore, man reflecting God, is eternal." Christ said, Angela quotes: "Them that believe in me and the things I do, they shall do them, also." Oh, can it be that I am other than sick, diseased, or on my death bed? My brother's arm—Angela. "They that believe on me and the things which I do, they shall do them, also." A miracle.

Reading.

"Christ was the son of truth, of God." It becomes—I——

As though a mist were before him.

Oh, I want to be well, I want life again. Though on bended knee you ask God, you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you whole.

Faith appears, taking his hand as he rises to his knees.

Let me, as a little child, ask God. Give me strength, oh, God, give me strength!

Firmly on his knees.

God, who art in heaven.

Confused and endeavoring to collect his thoughts.

I can't remember. How shall I say? Like the psalmist, let me begin. Oh, thou who hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come. Iniquities prevail against me. Make haste to help me, O Lord! Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against error. Oh, deliver me from sickness and disease.

Beginning again, more firmly.

God hear me, like a little child, on my bended knees. Give me understanding. See me, God, humble before Thee.

Weeping as he continues.

God, Thou who art love, Thou who art life eternal, give me life. In Thy divine understanding, hear me. God, I know Thou art God. Thou hast made me humble. Hear me, God, Thou who art my life. I know Thou art God. Thou hast taught me to

say it. In Thee, oh God, do I move and have my being. Before now were my ears deaf. Until now my tongue was dumb. Thou hast raised me to my knees. Oh, God, raise me to my feet also! Raise me up, oh God of love divine, for Thou art life eternal. Let me be lifted from darkness into light. I was lost in the world's delights. Lost in a world that acknowledges other gods before Thee; but now am I brought before Thee, oh, God! This is the accepted time. This has it taken to humble me. This, oh, God, to make me know Thou art. God, fill me with life and love, make me Thy servant. Oh, God, Thou who art my God! Thou art my life. All else is false. All else is untrue. In Thee, oh, Lord, do I put my trust. Let me never be put to confusion. Deliver me unto Thy righteousness, and cause me to escape; incline Thine ear unto me, and save me. The veil is lifted. My ears are unstopped. My tongue loose to acknowledge Thee.

Weeps as he settles back on his pillow. A vision appears in the rear, showing Angela seated at her study table in an attitude of consecration and prayer.

Oh, how I revive! The mist clears away.

Spiritual-Understanding appears and takes his other hand.

The truth has been revealed, and the truth shall make me whole.

Moving to the edge of the bed.

The vision of Angela disappears.

Angela, I saw you. Angela, if angels dwell on earth, I have seen an angel.

After a pause.

Let me make certain I do not dream. Yes, I realize, I know God is. I lose my sense of darkness, earthly terror. A rainbow of light I see that floods upon me. Realization, new-born, dawns upon me.

After a pause.

I comprehend new meanings. Not as with my eyes I see, but with my mind. Not as with my ears I hear, but with my soul.

As if coming to himself.

Oh, what have I done? Have I been away from here? No, here where I was suffering. But now I have acknowledged God, my Maker, my Life. Out of error, into truth. Out of darkness, into light, forever light. Angela, your godly little sermons come back to me. Your consecrated pleadings are made plain. Here in a holy moment has the dawn

of truth flooded my soul with the light of a never-setting sun. "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you whole." Angela, God sent you to teach me that. God raises me from a bed of sickness.

Faith and Spiritual-Understanding assist him.

Rising to his feet.

Thus do I pick up my bed and walk.

Death rises and totters, then disappears.

Teach me, oh, God, Thy love divine.

Taking a robe from the foot of the bed and putting it on.

Never before did I humble myself to call on Thee,

Faith and Spiritual-Understanding stand on each side of him.

to ask of Thee. But now I cry aloud to Thee, filled with gratitude and thanksgiving.

Doctors and nurses come to the door, making motions of despair they close the door and go away.

Them that believe in me and the things which I do, they shall do them also. God is life and love. Sin, sickness and death are false. God is life eternal. From darkness into light.

FAITH.

Laying her hand on his head.

Be ye therefore perfect even as your father which is in Heaven is perfect.

Drops on his knees humbly.

Spiritual-Understanding goes behind him.

SPIRITUAL-UNDERSTANDING.

Laying her hand on his head.

The kingdom of God is within you. God is your life.

The curtain falls, slowly.

ACT IV

PROLOGUE TO ACT IV.

SCENE: *A dark pit. In the center a pale red glow penetrates dimly. As the curtain rises the faint voice of Sin is heard from the darkness. Indistinct mumblings are heard as Death approaches.*

DEATH.

Agonized.

Ah! Eh! Aye! I totter, I fall. Ah!

In an uncanny tone of voice.

What! My sceptre broken! My throne destroyed.
Ah! Eh! Aye! What doom befalls me!

Staggers toward the glow.

See! The glow wanes. It wanes, it dies. I am dethroned! dethroned! As I plodded forward I tripped over the dissolved form of Error; Sin screaming to me from lost eternity. Something new-born triumphs. I fail, I cease! Coming forward, Sickness, gasping the last time, bit me, as I slipped in the convulsions of Disease. Some truth revived o'erpowers me. Some lost soul escaped betrayed me. Man, my rich fee, my heritage, lives. Ah! Eh! Aye!

Groping before the glow which becomes more dim, gradually.

Oh, earthly power revive, oh soul! Oh, life revive!
There is no other soul, no other life! Man lives!
Me and mine he has found out! Ah! Eh! Aye!
They call us false, the lie they call us!

A VOICE.

From the distance.

Grave, where is thy victory? Death, where is thy sting?

DEATH.

In a terrorized voice.

Ah! I sink, I dissolve! Lost souls revive, escape me! With power denied, I am defied!

A VOICE.

From the distance.

The kingdom of heaven is at hand.

DEATH.

Ah!

A low rumble is heard dying away with indistinct moans.

Ah! Man realizing that man's acquittal of error is man's forgiveness, destroys me! I dissolve, I sink, I cease! The glow dies!

The glow becomes very faint and then goes out, leaving the pit black.

I sink!

In a smothered tone.

I dissolve—I——

A VOICE.

From the distance.

Death is swallowed up in victory!

DEATH.

From below.

Ah! Eh!

Dying away.

Aye!

A VOICE.

Into light, forever light.

The scene changes at once to Act IV.

ACT IV

SCENE: *A sitting room in the house of Angela, opening through an arch to a balcony covered with vines and flowers. In the rear a garden of flowers and trees. Beyond this, a sloping valley. The room is furnished with taste, but not elaborate. On the balcony there is a settee with cushions and pillows. On the right center of the room there is a double door. In the rear to the right a door. On the left of the room to the rear a door. As the curtain rises a maid arranges the cushions and pillows on the settee, pushing it forward under the arch. As the door bell rings, the maid exits. Mary crosses slowly from the right looking over some papers and exits through the door on the left. Voices are heard from the room on the right as William and Freeman enter.*

WILLIAM.

As for old age, or age at all, Freeman, we must learn not to measure our existence by the earth's revolutions, but know that Time, as Life, is a fixed principle; not knowing a beginning, it will not

know an end. In truth, life has no limitation. Limitation in life would not be truth.

FREEMAN.

That proves then, that as a man thinks, a man is?

WILLIAM.

It does. Just suppose for a moment that the world's talk and thinking about sickness and disease and death, were reversed. Instead of talking sickness and disease, humanity would talk health. Instead of thinking and believing that we die we would know that our life is eternal. Not knowing sickness or disease, we would not say when we meet each other, "How badly you look." Not knowing death we would not fear dying. Why, humanity free from the thoughts of error, sin, sickness, disease and death, would be already saved. Now this is what we are striving to rid the world of. Our organization teaches that every time you take a dose of medicine you deny God's power to heal you.

FREEMAN.

To prove all this, will take ages.

WILLIAM.

These are the stages; faith, understanding, knowledge. It is a lack of the knowledge of our true being which prevents knowing. Fearing error

fosters evil. Therefore, knowing our relationship to God, our life, is our only salvation. We are aiding the world to rid itself of the misconception that God is a god of vengeance, a wrathful god. To help the world of humanity to know that God is life, truth, love; God could not be less; he need not be more; that God cannot both be good and evil, any more than day and night can both be present at the same time. God does not know evil, but the understanding of God destroys evil. This is what Angela is causing Robert to understand; and this understanding will heal him. This is the understanding that has brought me out of darkness into light—it is the cause of this miracle.

Pointing to his arm.

If this then is our purpose to our fellow beings, we should rather be praised than centured.

FREEMAN.

Well, it might be so, William, and as for your arm, which surely seems healed; well, I wouldn't tell people about it. You know, it almost seems uncanny. This theory you folks——

WILLIAM.

Interrupting him.

Science, Freeman, that cannot be denied. That can be proven. A demonstrable science, proven

with as much certainty as mathematics. You see, in these days of invention and discovery one cannot afford to scoff at anything. Especially when things are proven before our very eyes. No man scoffs who knows.

FREEMAN.

Well, call it what you will. After all

Taking a cigar out of his pocket and smelling it.

a good cigar smokes as well tho' call'd by another name.

WILLIAM.

O, that was a distorted plagiarism; oh, poor Shakespeare!

FREEMAN.

But, really, William, if we had not grown up together and I did not know you to be what you are, I should not even believe you were longer sane. Jings, I tell you it has set me thinking. I am going to read what you have given me. You know when I begin to read I begin to think, don't you? And when I begin to think—say, doesn't something come of it? Somehow I have never been interested in religion. Not after what I heard the Doctor once say.

WILLIAM.

Brother has always been a scoffer. But even now, that condition has been changed, and is being destroyed.

FREEMAN.

This is what he said: "Religion is sentiment; a belief in something unseen—unheard, and never felt; and creeds are the opinions of men—pathways of dissention and discord." Somehow I have believed him, the more he scoffed the more I believed him. But, lately I have begun to think and to believe for myself. Well,

As he takes up his hat and gloves.

I cannot wish you any better luck than you have had. I'll call on your brother—I guess it will not be "Doctor" Lincoln any more now—and if I find him as you say—well, if there is any faith in me that will bring it out.

WILLIAM.

You will find him a changed man. We hold that it is easier to heal the sick than to save the sinful. For people sin wilfully, but they do not become sick wilfully, nor remain so wilfully. The demonstration with my arm was the turning point with

Brother Robert. After that, Angela's demonstration became easier and a certainty.

FREEMAN.

Really, it is a long feather in the cap of science. Think of it, a science being divine. Tell me, how do you cause demonstrations? How does Angela, for instance, bring about miracles—if there are such things?

WILLIAM.

It is done by the knowledge of man's relation to God. By knowing what God is. By disputing evil; by denying error, sickness, disease; by knowing these are false and that only God is true—is truth. By affirming a greater power over a lesser one. Angela, devoted and consecrated and understanding God, has, thru' divine understanding, destroyed error that was consuming brother Robert. Remember, to deny evil by the understanding of God is to destroy it. Brother had faith, and this was the first step he made toward God.

FREEMAN.

Here is my hand on it, I shan't doubt. I can hardly wait till I see him. Good-bye for the last time.

WILLIAM.

As Freeman exits.

Good-bye—let success wait upon hard work.

FREEMAN.

Oh, talk about a plagiarism, a distortion!

Exits.

WILLIAM.

I am glad he has changed. He seems more contented than before.

Angela and Mary enter from the room on the left conversing and exchanging letters as they fold them.

ANGELA.

Extending her hand to William as she comes forward.

Good morning, William.

WILLIAM.

Good morning, Angela.

Bows to Mary as she passes.

ANGELA.

And now we have a new Robert, come into his own. Into the kingdom of divine love, of good, which is God, man's birthright, his heritage.

WILLIAM.

It almost goes beyond reason to think so great a wonder could be brought about. By the side of brother's my demonstration seems a trifle. When Robert began to show a desire for help, then I knew he would continue by gaining faith; and finally understanding.

ANGELA.

William, desire is the stepping-stone, faith the key, and knowledge the door which leads to the kingdom of understanding.

WILLIAM.

What a triumph! What a demonstration! A miracle! God's truth, indeed, restored. Restored to the willing, the faithful. Oh, let me ever be firm, faithful and constant. Think what credit is due you, Angela. How you worked for him. How your unfailing efforts wrought wonders. Heaven itself seemed open to you.

ANGELA.

We must not lose ourselves in personalities, William. There is only one personality, and that is God. God heals. God brings man into understanding and truth eternal. Without God we are helpless. God is our life.

WILLIAM.

Yes, it is God, not man. Oh, my brother! God was his restoration.

Taking up his hat as he goes to the door.

I must run along. I have many details to attend to for brother. There will be a good many things for sale. He will be down soon. He left the hospital yesterday. Before they would let him go they had taken his temperature twenty times. Even they thought him delirious. They were a disappointed lot. I think they figured on his funeral.

ANGELA.

He 'phoned this morning and in a musical voice——

WILLIAM.

He called you dear—I heard him.

ANGELA.

William, it is time you were going.

WILLIAM.

Good-bye, Angela, my sister that was, and my sister that shall be.

ANGELA.

Good-bye. Tomorrow you take dinner with Robert and myself.

WILLIAM.

A dinner at which we will break the bread of life and eat in remembrance. At last it has come. Love bringing life, and love.

As he exits.

Bless Angela. Good-bye.

Exits.

ANGELA.

Youth in its glory, directed, protected and blessed.
Goes to the table, picks up a letter which she glances over.

Yes,

Laying the letter down again.

my dear, you begin to realize. For hope is the forerunner of faith, through which door enters easiest, understanding. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O, my soul, who healeth all diseases, who redeemeth my life from destruction.

Seats herself at the table in an attitude of consecration. Faith and Spiritual-Understanding appear and kneel on her right and left. Mary crosses from the right to the left, looking over letters.

MARY.

As she pauses in front of the arch.

There is a peace and calm here I have never before felt. Never before have I breathed such perfect health. Indeed, she pleads in a court of divine justice. It is a constant holy communion of godly thinking. Divine thoughts, like ministering angels, making the well happy, healing the sick; yes, even raising the dead from their beds. Father, poor suffering Father! Even now, with open ears and willing heart, he, too, shall be healed. God, be with my Father.

Exits.

A maid enters from the door on the right and goes to the door in the rear. As she exits into the hall, she leaves the door open. A few seconds later Dr. Lincoln enters. His appearance shows perfect health. The maid takes his hat, gloves and cane. He motions to her that he will wait. The maid exits.

DOCTOR.

To himself as he comes in front of the arch.

Angela, a woman fashioned after God's desire. Who is more fit than woman to teach us God, to bring us into the kingdom of good. Inspired and

directed by divine love, she lives in holy consecration forgetting self and in Christian purity mindful of others. Were the world blessed with more such as she, man would stand on the right hand of God, the kingdom of heaven already come. When Jesus shall come again, such a woman shall be his mother. Here I stand forgiven, and free from the bondage of error. Here I stand, come into my own, re-born, where once I stood sick and diseased, scornful and scoffing. Now I stand here come into the understanding of God, healed by blessed truth. Though I stood in the valley of the shadow of death, my path was directed up into the mountains of eternal life. Unto Thee, O, Lord, do I lift up my soul. For divine love always has met and always will meet every human need.

Goes out on the balcony where he stands. Mary re-enters from the left and crosses to the right. Seeing the Doctor she turns to Angela as she rises from the table.

MARY.

Mr. Lincoln is waiting on the balcony.

Exits.

The Doctor comes forward, as Angela goes toward him with extended hands.

DOCTOR.

Grasping her hands.

Angela!

Looks into her eyes, then kisses her on the forehead.

Angela, whom God sent to me. This morning, Angela, when I rose from my bed I looked out through an open window into the deep blue of the universe and realized that all my life I had been hanging blessed Jesus the Christ upon the cross until that day when I heard His voice say: "Forgive them for they know not what they do." It was my ignorance, no greater curse could hinder man. It was my wilful blindness, the black pit of Error. It was my stubborn pride, a barrier that stood in my way. But now the wheat from the chaff has been sifted. Man's health is man's wealth. God's claim shall be man's fame. Think of the millions who err as I had erred. Think of the millions who worship at the feet of folly. Think of man believing in sickness, disease and death. Defiled in mind we become reviled in body. We tempt the lion. We play with fire. We blow out the light and walk in darkness. As the meanness of others makes it more difficult for us to be good, so in turn the belief of

others in the reality of sickness and disease makes health to seem delusive.

ANGELA.

And, therefore, we shall say, where bliss is ignorance 'tis better to be wise. For if the blind shall lead the blind they will both fall into the pit.

DOCTOR.

Becoming a comrade with error, we associate with sin. When we are ripe in our infamy we fall into the arms of sickness, who in turn hands us over to disease.

ANGELA.

These in turn when placed before divine love are destroyed as the portals of truth are parted, admitting God.

DOCTOR.

Thank God for divine love, blessed truth and life.

ANGELA.

All that which is unlike God shall be annihilated.

DOCTOR.

The work of annihilation has begun, and God's truth upon the throne of glory is within the reach of all. Where the will is, there the way is. Think of humanity wilfully steeped in antagonism, hate, re-

venge, cunning; taking advantage of each other—looking away from that which gives us life to that which can only give us death. Angela, now I realize that it is a sin to be sick.

ANGELA.

Because sickness is the result of sin——

DOCTOR.

But it is a greater sin to believe in sickness——

ANGELA.

Because the belief in sickness causes disease.

DOCTOR.

Indeed, Angela, and the unholy condition that can come to humanity is that it should go to the grave in a sick and diseased condition. Think of it, humanity consuming tobacco, fit only for loathsome worms; think of humanity drinking alcohol, fit only for the thirst of snakes; think of our nation reaping a rich revenue of these; 'tis little wonder that error is not more colossal. We can never hope to annihilate these until the desire for them is destroyed. Here is work for a nation; for humanity.

ANGELA.

Robert, it all has been revealed to you by love divine. The nothingness of error has been uncovered,

and, with the eye of godly understanding, you behold it a naked untruth. God in the garden of truth is calling. As man shall heed so shall he weed, until the petals of sin are replaced by the blossoms of love. In proportion as we lose our sense of error and gain the knowledge and understanding of God shall we ascend the heaven-adorned path of life eternal.

DOCTOR.

And then can we say with Paul, Neither death nor life * * * nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God.

ANGELA.

Indeed, for, if God be for us who can be against us? Truth has no consciousness of error; love no sense of hatred, and life has no partnership with death.

DOCTOR.

And, therefore, I can say with Paul, the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

ANGELA.

Robert, you have heard the still small voice crying in the wilderness. Having heard, you have heeded.

DOCTOR.

The voice, though small, cries aloud. The voice, though still, is heard upon the high mountains of desire.

ANGELA.

They sought to kill Christ, truth, when they hung Jesus upon the cross, but Christ lives; truth cannot be destroyed. Remember, error is self-destructive. But today, as in former times, Christ is crucified daily. But crucifying shall cease. Man shall know the truth, and the truth shall make him whole. The voice crying in the wilderness is ever-present love; God.

DOCTOR.

Oh, faithless, erring man, come out of the shadow of darkness into the sun of eternal light. Lay down your burden before it lay you down. Seek and ye shall find. Before you are lost, be found. Angela, my wilful erring was the cross upon which I was being crucified, and this crucifixion was the refiner's fire. But the grave, it has no sting, and death is robbed of victory.

ANGELA.

We stand upon the threshold of good, just entering the mansion of love.

DOCTOR.

He takes a ring from his vest pocket and places it on her hand.

God's blessing is life, God's reward is love. The earth's sanction is marriage, the angels sealing it with the signet of eternal union.

ANGELA.

And so you shall claim me in this hour of triumph.

DOCTOR.

Ever before me in my dreams, Angela, you shall ever be before me in my wakeful hours.

ANGELA.

Ever in my thoughts, Robert, you shall be ever in the love chambers of my soul, for there I have a throne for you.

ROBERT.

And seated beside me you, my queen, adorned in white, the mantle of heaven's purity. Your crown shall be truth jeweled with holy thoughts, our scepter, divine good, our kingdom, love. Oh, Angela, let me be certain I do not dream. If it is a dream, though, it is holy, and, being holy, it shall be everlasting. Now I am ready to pass through

the golden gate of a new life, ascending the steps of love, bearing the message of God.

ANGELA.

Become a fisher of men by the sea of sin, catching them up out of the billows of wrong, bringing them to the shores of truth.

ROBERT.

Being grateful, this shall be my gratitude fulfilled.

ANGELA.

Become a good shepherd, directing your flock from the hills of error and the valleys of sickness out into the sunshine of good, beside the waters of everlasting life. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore, will we not fear.

DOCTOR.

Yes, out of bondage I claim my sonship with God. I confess my Saviour, Jesus Christ. I acknowledge my God, who is my life.

They go on the balcony and seat themselves. Faith and Spiritual - Understanding appear on their right and left.

Unto Thee, O Lord, lift I up mine eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens. Behold, as the eyes of the servants look unto their master——

ANGELA.

And as the eyes of a maiden unto her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord, our God.

DOCTOR.

Now, Angela, your words fill my ears with music.
A vision appears in the rear, showing Life, Truth, Love.

We shall sit beneath the starlit canopy of heaven and know that God is, for He is our life. In Him we move and have our being. In God, divine love, we shall be one.

A second vision appears behind and above the first, showing Love's spiritual thoughts, Children.

I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplication.

ANGELA.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore I will call upon him as long as I live.

A third vision appears, behind and above the second, showing God's ideas and reflection, Man.

DOCTOR.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God; in Him will I trust.

ANGELA.

For he shall give His angels charge over thee, to
keep thee in all thy ways.

The curtain falls slowly.

END.

AUG 14 1913

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 400 487 0